TWOPENCE
Vol. LIX.
1548.

"QUEEN MARY" TRIP AND £2,000 FOR A BULLET SEE PAGES 46 AND 47

JOHN BULL

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STRENGTHENS NERVES
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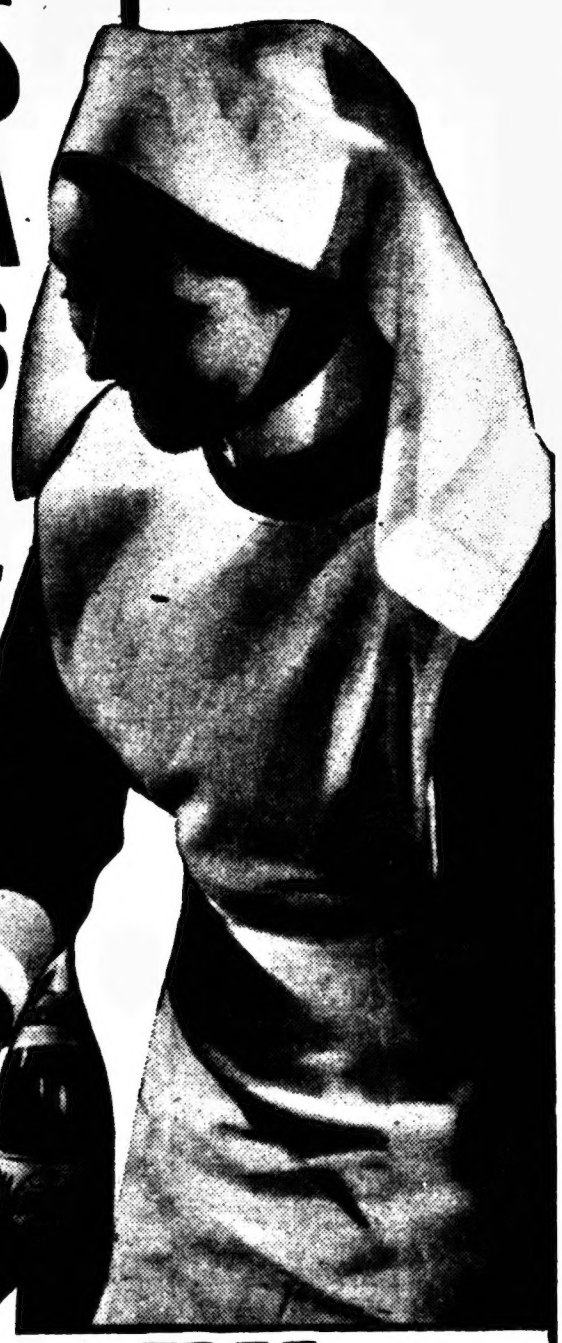

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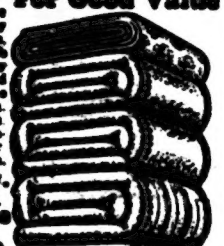

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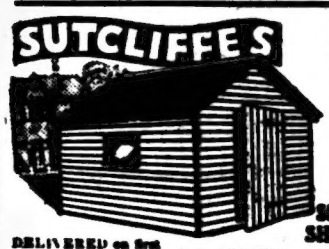

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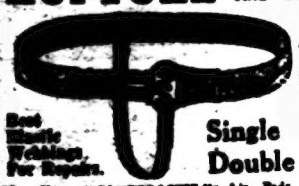

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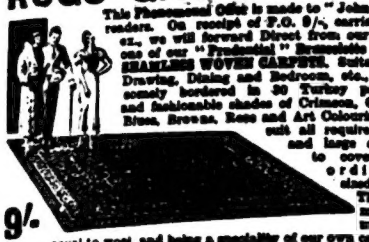

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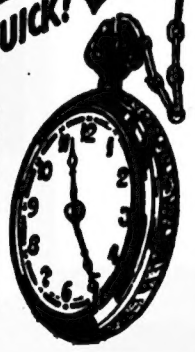

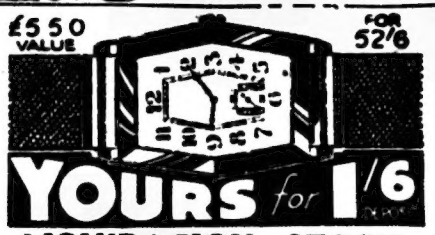

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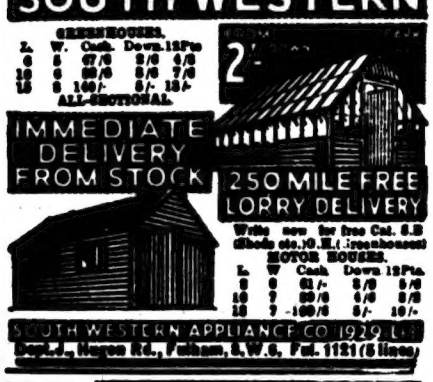

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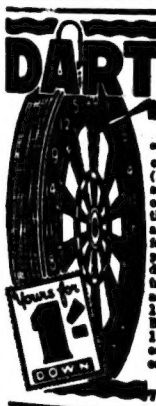

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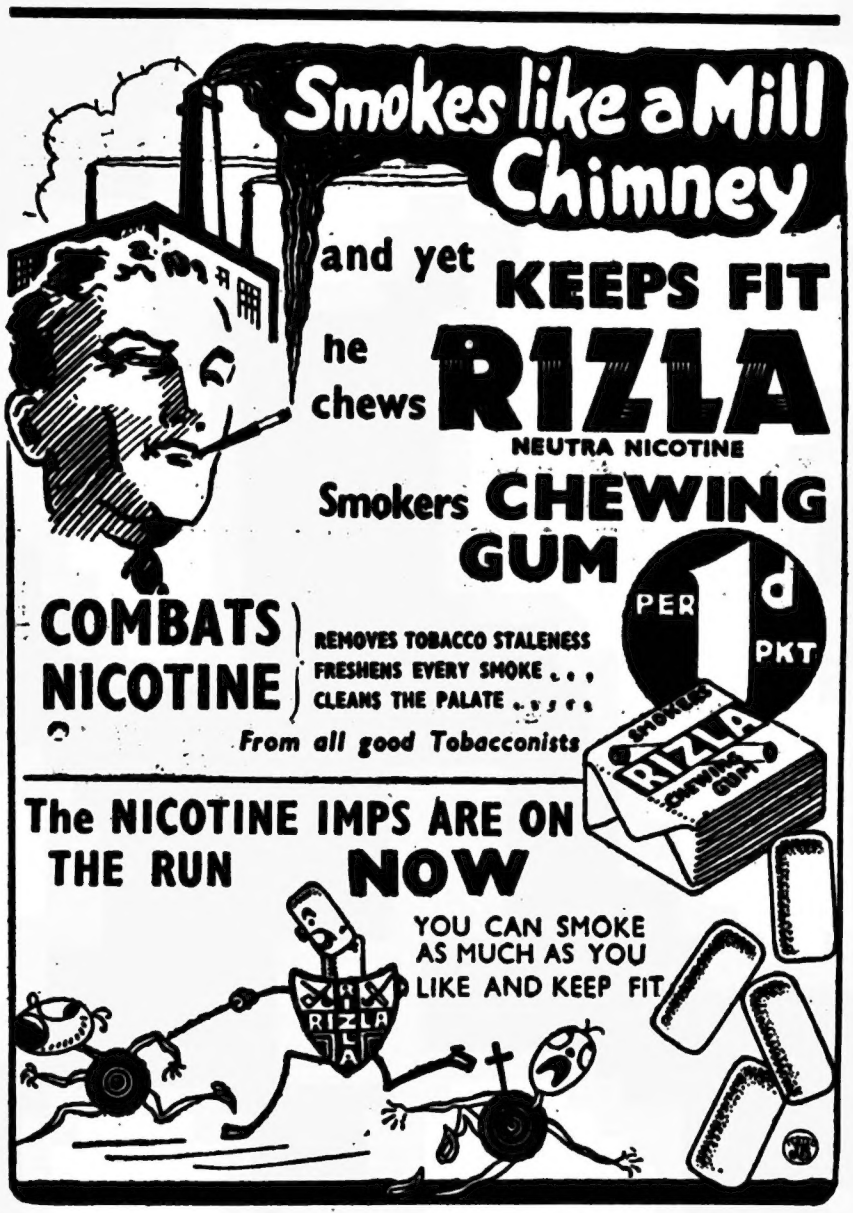
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THE average man cannot, except by life assurance, save sufficient out of his yearly income to provide for his wife and children. The Prudential Heritage Policy makes provision for your dependents. An example appears in the announcement on p. 18. Get further details by filling in the coupon. You may never regret it.

ACCEPT this free offer. A large free sample of BIRD'S well-known Blancmange—enough for three full pints in three flavours — can be obtained by all *John Bull* readers who send their name and address, and part of an empty packet of BIRD'S Custard, to BIRD'S, Dept. J.27, Thames House, Millbank, London. Seize the opportunity now, before this unique offer is withdrawn. Send at once for your large sample of BIRD'S Blancmange—it's free if you comply with the simple condition. Further particulars of this offer appear on page 27.

FREE: Hundreds of free gifts are set out in the free gift booklet offered by the makers of Rowntree's Cocoa. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. C.E.14, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for your free copy.

NAIL BITING! A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately for 1½d, stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT

This Miracle BREAD KNIFE FOR YOU

★

Cuts Bread in the modern and most economical way.

Wonderful New-Style Serrated Non-Crumble Cutting Edge.

Blade keeps sharp for years.

Sheffield made of Firth Steel.

Stainless Steel Blade with de luxe mirror polish.

Super Quality White Ivorine Handle.

Measures over 1 ft. long.

HOW TO QUALIFY for your FREE GIFT It is important that the Directions below should be read by both the "John Bull" reader and by the friend who is introduced.

SIMPLE DIRECTIONS The object of this scheme is to obtain bona-fide new readers for "John Bull" and if it should be found, upon verification, that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader, both applicants will be disqualified. A new reader shall be held to be a person who has NOT purchased "John Bull" for the past three months.

A Gift will NOT be awarded unless applied for on an official Voucher. Gift Vouchers are sent to approved applicants (one for you and one for your friend) upon receipt of the Reservation Forms and Label.

Each applicant and friend must complete his or her own Voucher by sending it in together with 10 consecutive tokens cut from 10 CURRENT issues of "John Bull." Tokens eligible for this Offer are the "Plain" Series, and they appear each week in the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Applicants may commence with No. "195" from the back cover of this issue and not more than one "Plain" Series token may be cut from any one issue. No Token prior to No. "195" or any other tokens or series of tokens can be accepted in connection with this offer.

When the two Vouchers are completed—**that is after the 10 weeks and NOT before—they MUST be** sent in together to "John Bull" by the "John Bull" reader. Gift Bread Knives cannot be awarded if Vouchers are sent in separately. Each completed Voucher—your own and your friend's—must be accompanied by a remittance of 4d. (fourpence), which covers postage, packing in carton, insurance, etc., on the Bread Knives, which are dispatched to your respective addresses. **There is nothing more to pay.**

No person may qualify for more than one Gift Bread Knife and no Knife will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

Each applicant who is qualifying for this Gift must see that his or her newsagent holds a written order for the regular and uninterrupted supply of "John Bull."

Copies must be paid for in the ordinary way. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland or the Irish Free State.

N.B.—Applicants from the Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

Here is an illustration of "John Bull's" great Double Gift, giving some idea of the wonderful cutting edge and the handsome appearance and finish of this Bread Knife.

DOUBLE GIFT

FREE

FOR EVERY READER

NONE will be more pleased than "John Bull's" million and a half families to learn of the new amazing progress which THEIR OWN PAPER is making—to see, too, as they can in this issue, more evidence of its ever-increasing vigour and scope. This week "John Bull" celebrates—with a great Double Gift—FREE to its readers! Every reader is invited to accept as a personal GIFT for the home, a valuable, real high-quality article of everyday usefulness—a handsome miracle Bread Knife FREE—specially designed—made of stainless Sheffield steel—the very latest, handiest and most distinctive Knife of its kind.

And here is another surprise! "John Bull" offers one of these magnificent Knives not only to you, but one to your friend as well.

Until you actually use one of these knives you cannot know what a difference it makes. It cuts bread in the modern and most economical way—cuts the thinnest slices even with new bread—cuts cake without crumbling—icing without cracking. It is invaluable, too, for slicing tomatoes, oranges, etc. The blade keeps sharp for years and cuts when pushed forward and drawn back.

In choosing this Gift "John Bull" has gone to the world's most famous centre—SHEFFIELD—a name that is a guarantee of incomparable quality and reliability in steelware. This Knife is Sheffield made, from the renowned Firth Steel—the finest steel it is possible to obtain for knives of this kind. The most notable feature of the Knife is the wonderful new-style finely serrated edge. The blade is guaranteed STAINLESS and is superbly finished with a gleaming de luxe mirror polish. The handle itself is made of super quality WHITE IVORINE. There is no join in this Knife—the blade and haft form one piece which is firmly and decoratively set well down into the handle. The actual overall size of the Knife is over one foot long.

This is a Knife that will enrich the cutlery of any home—a pleasure to use—a delight to see.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO In order to qualify for this Bread Knife "John Bull" asks you to introduce a friend who is NOT already a reader. All that your friend has to do is to give "John Bull" a fair trial for ten weeks. In return "John Bull" will present Free, both to you and your friend, this Bread Knife. You are meeting a friend every day, and it's not often that you get an opportunity to do him a good turn. Your friend will, we think, also thank you for introducing "John Bull." Like you, he will quickly see that it has no axe to grind—that it seeks and gives no favours—that in times of crisis it is a paper to give the country a lead.

As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" for ten weeks, you are each asked to cut out ten tokens from ten separate issues of "John Bull," and to send them in together with the Gift Vouchers which will be sent to you on receipt of the forms below. You can begin right away with the token No. 195 in the left-hand bottom corner of the back cover of this issue.

Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull," properly completed, you will each have dispatched to you a FREE Bread Knife. **No person may apply for more than one Gift under this offer.**

That is all. There is nothing more to do. This Gift is absolutely Free—all that you and your friend are asked to send with your completed vouchers is fourpence (4d.) to cover packing, postage, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW First read the simple directions on the opposite page. Then take the first step toward securing your Gift by getting the Reservation Forms at the foot of this page filled in and posted at once!

On receipt of these forms, properly completed, by you and your friend, together with the label bearing a halfpenny stamp and YOUR OWN name and full postal address, "John Bull" will send YOU two Official Gift Vouchers—one marked "FOR YOU" and one "FOR YOUR FRIEND." At the same time two Bread Knives will be reserved and set aside—one in your name and one in the name of your friend.

HURRY! DON'T BE TOO LATE! "John Bull" wants every one of its readers to benefit by this FREE celebration Gift offer. But this is your only opportunity. This announcement will **definitely not be repeated next week**, and no applications will be accepted after the date given on the forms below.

POST FORMS BELOW AT ONCE

Do not separate these Forms—post them complete in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp

Halfpenny Stamp MUST be firmly affixed here by You

NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

.....

.....

.....

J.B.

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

JOHN BULL'S DOUBLE FREE GIFT

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "A."

To be filled in by the reader of "John Bull" who is introducing a NEW READER.

The "John Bull" reader MUST complete label on the left. Affix halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—send in label with these Forms—give YOUR name and full postal address clearly in BLOCK LETTERS.

To Dept. J.B.2, "JOHN BULL,"
9, ARNE STREET, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a FREE Bread Knife in my name in return for my introducing a friend as a new reader. My friend has personally signed Form "B" and undertakes to give "John Bull" a trial for 10 consecutive weeks.

I have read and agree to abide by the simple directions governing this offer.

I certify that my friend is NOT at present a reader of "John Bull."

Please send me an Official Gift Voucher on which to qualify for my Bread Knife, together with a similar Gift Voucher for me to hand to my friend.

Readers' Signature.....

WRITE BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Give below Name and Address of Newsagent holding your written order for the regular supply of "John Bull."

LEAVE BLANK CHECKED

Newsagent's Name.....

Address.....

District Supervisor

.....

Reservation Form "B."

This Form "B" MUST be filled in and signed PERSONALLY by the NEW READER—NOT by the "John Bull" Reader.

Your special Gift Offer was introduced by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form "A." I certify that I am NOT a Reader of "John Bull," and that I have not purchased "John Bull" for the past three months. I undertake to give "John Bull" a trial for 10 consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a FREE Bread Knife in my name. Also please send me (through my friend) an Official Gift Voucher on which to qualify. I have read and agree to abide by the simple directions governing this offer.

New Reader's Signature.....

WRITE BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Give below Name and Address of your Newsagent to whom you will give an order for the regular supply of "John Bull."

LEAVE BLANK CHECKED

Newsagent's Name .....

Address.....

District Supervisor

.....

Post Forms (together with label on left) in unsealed envelope bearing halfpenny stamp. Do not enclose any cash or other correspondence.

THESE RESERVATION FORMS MUST BE RECEIVED BY NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29. J.B. 15/2/36.

"There! I told you you'd like Piccadilly"

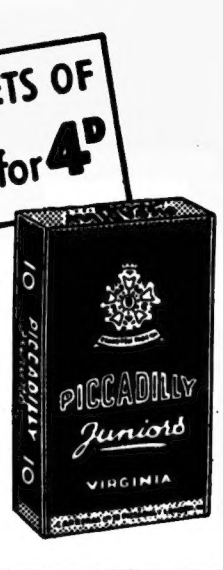
Piccadilly junior size cigarettes are just long enough for a thoroughly satisfying smoke without any waste. So smooth and soothing, they possess a subtle difference in the blending of their fine quality tobaccos.

Try Piccadilly to-day and note the pleasing difference. There's a packing to suit every requirement and for such an excellent cigarette the price is very reasonable indeed.

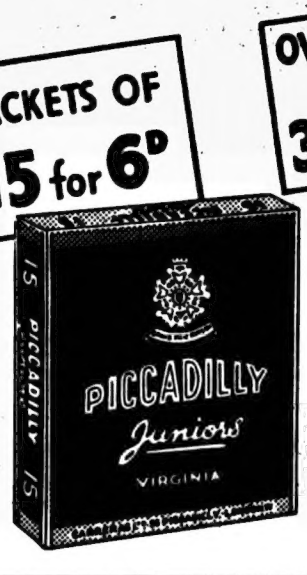
PICCADILLY

Junior SIZE – SENIOR QUALITY VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

PACKETS OF 10 for 4D

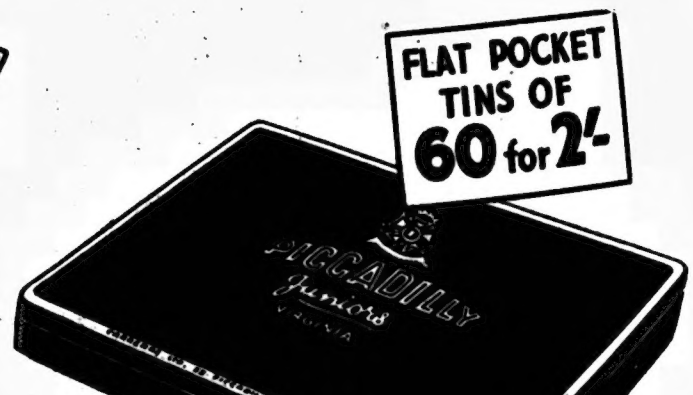


PACKETS OF 15 for 6D

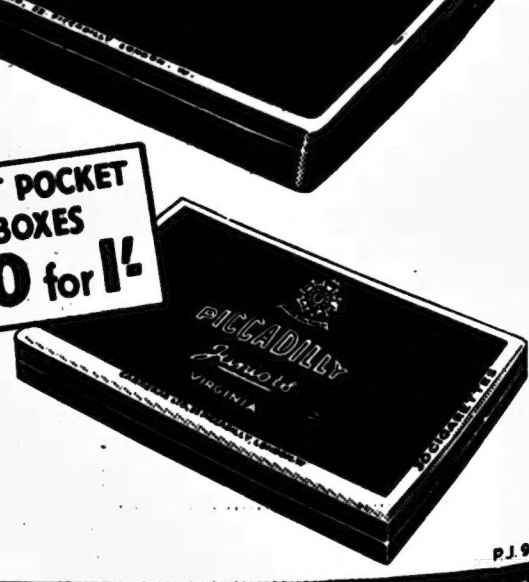


OVAL TINS OF 30 for 1/-

FLAT POCKET TINS OF 60 for 2/-



FLAT POCKET BOXES 30 for 1/-



P.J. 92

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Telegrams: Heroically, London.
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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 15, 1936. Twopence.
Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

JOHN BULL

10,000 PUBLIC ENEMIES

Revealing for the first time the astounding life of the gangster underworld

by Courtney Ryley Cooper

who begins in "John Bull" this week the true inside story, more thrilling than any fiction, of the greatest fight against organised crime of all time—the cleaning up of gangsterdom in America by the Federal Bureau of Investigation's now famous "G" men

IF you walked even a block to-day upon a crowded street in any big American city, you probably brushed past persons with a police record. You may even have talked to ex-convicts and been none the wiser.

If you attended a baseball game, or went to the theatre, or rode on a crowded street car or subway train, you were undoubtedly in the company of former prison inmates, perhaps dozens of them.

Last night you may have danced to the music of a good orchestra in the best hotel in the city. It is a possibility that some one of the group which entertained you gained his experience in a prison band.

Criminals do not spend their lives in secretiveness and solitude. They are all about us, and, paradoxically, the more desperate they are, the more likely they are to be in places where they will mix with those who obey the laws. Our daily lives are intertwined with crime and its perpetrators.

The dreamy-eyed manicurist who files away so enthusiastically at your nails may be thinking only of closing time, when she can hurry to meet the man whose "moll" she will eventually become, arranging his hide-outs, carrying his gun for him, fainting at the scene of a burglary to confuse pursuit.

PROVIDED this manicurist works in a shop of heavy patronage, it is almost certain that the very instruments which shape your finger-nails have performed the same service for men who have known the cell block and the mess hall of prisons.

Your tip after a hotel meal clinks in the same pocket with the gratuity of murderers and kidnappers.

In the drug store, the grocery store, the millinery shop, the hotel, the bank, the theatre, the night club, the office where you work—everywhere your daily life is within the limits of a current where drift also men and women who have violated every law, from a minor infraction to murder.

Therefore, the underworld is not something which is hidden away; it is distinctly a part of our world as concerns looks, actions, and often places of residence.

Given the money, you'll find the public enemies of to-day at the horse show, at the fashionable resorts, in boxes at the races, and in the best hotels. All this leads to some amazing figures:

Out of every forty-two persons in the United States, one is either a convict, an ex-convict or possessed of a police record of arrest. That figure is a conservative minimum.

In the files of the Identification Unit of the Division of Investigation are some 4,800,000 sets of criminal finger-prints. These represent about 90 per cent. of all persons arrested in the United States for offences where conviction would merit jail sentences or worse.

In cases where innocence is proven, the law gives an accused person the right to demand the return of his finger-prints; therefore, the deduction must be made that these prints represent guilt.

Of these, 1,800,000 are repeat cards, representing arrests for more than one offence, thus leaving a total of 3,000,000 individuals who have committed offences from the worst of felonies on down the scale.

Out of these 3,000,000 have been selected 10,000 men and women whose capture must be made by armed men—in other words, the necessity for arrest means that the raiding officers must be prepared with machine-guns, automatic rifles and perhaps tear-gas guns in order to be properly armed for the battle which may follow.

These are America's Public Enemies. They include criminal murderers, as differentiated from those who have slain in passion; kidnappers, extortioners, confirmed bank robbers and hold-up men.

Each of these 10,000 has from two to a dozen infractions of the most vicious nature recorded against him. They are listed in a separate file because they are consistent violators and their number is being augmented daily. All of them are qualified to lead a gang and most of them have done so.

THE dangerous criminal becomes such by a process of education. In practically every instance he begins in a petty way, slowly becoming more vicious, until at last he is classed as a mad dog.

Perhaps a case history will illustrate. Wilbur Underhill, known as the Tri-State Terror, is a good example. Catalogued by popular opinion as an "Oklahoma Outlaw," he nevertheless was an excellent personification of crime as it exists to-day, for geographical boundaries have almost ceased to exist.

Wilbur Underhill was of German-American parentage, tall, grey-eyed, with unruly light brown hair—in appearance only one of thousands of average American small-town young men.

If one looks hard enough at the pictures of him taken while in prison, one may believe his mouth to be cruel, his jaws to possess heavy lumps of determination and his eyes a sinister directness.

YET, in ordinary life, those same grey eyes could have carried a certain air of wistfulness, and the lips an almost imperceptible droop which might have indicated youthful melancholia. Appearances run that way; your own mood accounts greatly for the manner in which you see a thing.

It was about 1918 when Underhill found his way into crime. He began in the same manner in which most present-day criminals began—on the fringe of Prohibition.

He had grown up in the vicinity of Picher, Oklahoma. It was a mining town, like many of the others in the community, with its consequent shacklike speak-easies and its inevitable drinking parties. The boy made a few extra dollars by selling moonshine.

Naturally, a bootlegger himself, he met others higher in the business.

At nineteen the police of Joplin, Missouri, arrested him on a charge of burglary and proved their case. Underhill went to Missouri State Jail under a sentence of two years.

His time in Jefferson City was spent

(*Continued overleaf.*)

Continuing.. 10,000 Public Enemies

Wilbur Underhill, the "Tri-State Terror," and Public Enemy No. 1 —until the "G" men got him

in the usual activities of any man who looks forward to a criminal career. He told the chaplain what a good man he was going to be when he got out, meanwhile cementing friendships with other convicts and gaining from them an increased knowledge of how to break the law.

He failed, however, to learn one thing —how to keep away from the police.

Therefore, within a year of his release, he was back in the penitentiary upon another sentence, this time for five years upon the more serious charge of armed robbery.

He served only a part of his sentence.

On his first trip he had learned from older men the wisdom of supposedly good behaviour. It is prison sagacity to bribe guards, indulge in secret writing to pals outside the walls, or engage in the hundred and one forms of smuggling which constantly go on inside a prison

This is all accomplished in secrecy, and what the warden does not know makes no appearance on a record or upon an application for parole.

But only the foolish or desperate openly break prison rules, or make preparations for an escape, thus endangering early release through clemency. Wilbur Underhill played his game with finesse and was free long before the legal expiration of his sentence.

ONE day, shortly afterward, four men drove up to a bank in a small Oklahoma town and alighted from their car. It was noon-time, only a few depositors were in the bank, and one officer was on duty; the rest were at luncheon.

One of the four men stayed with the car, another took up a position as guard near the door; the other two went into the bank.

Soon they ran forth, tossed moneybags into the tonneau and shouted for speed. The guard clambered in behind them, the driver jammed his foot against the accelerator, the car rounded the corner in a swirl of reddish Oklahoma dust and was gone.

Then the wires sang with the news that Ray Terrill and Matt and George Kimes, notorious bandits, had pulled off another bank robbery. This time, however, they had a fourth man in the gang, a young fellow of about twenty-five, with grey eyes and light brown unruly hair. Once more Wilbur Underhill had "stepped up."

Underhill had met the Kimes boys and Ray Terrill in hi-jacking days. Now, graduated into more desperate fields of endeavour he had appeared to them a capable partner.

So Wilbur Underhill, alias Henry Wilbur, became a bank robber and rode with the Terrill-Kimes gang upon many a desperate mission.

At last, however, they split. The Kimes boys and Terrill said it was because Underhill had a murder complex and eternally begged for the privilege of killing someone. Underhill struck out for himself

It was Christmas Eve. In a drug store in Okmulgee, Oklahoma, George Fee, a clerk, was alone behind the counter when a tall, well-built young man with grey eyes, wide jaws and unruly brown hair came into the store. He walked to the waiting clerk and raised an automatic pistol

"Reach!" he commanded. Fee gave a surprised laugh.

"Why—what kind of a Christmas joke is this?" he asked.

"I said to reach!" the grey-eyed man commanded.

FEE was slow in obeying. There was a spurt of flame, a coughing gasp from the wounded clerk, and he crumpled to the floor.

The man rifled the cash register and ran out of the store, leaving Fee dying behind him; the clerk lived only long enough to give a description.

Now Wilbur Underhill was a murderer, and as such the police of Tulsa, Oklahama, recognised him on the streets a week later and arrested him. He was taken to Okmulgee and there placed in jail.

This time his attitude toward imprisonment underwent a change. Good behaviour went by the boards. Underhill sent word that he needed the help of some of his old pals.

The average person wonders just how a man in jail gets to see the persons he wants and needs. Again, it is simple. Often it is worked through some relative, and in a manner almost approaching the casual:

"Mother, when you go back home, call up Joe Smith and tell him I wish he'd drop by and see me, will you?"

Underhill, like any other guilty murderer who wanted to be free, finally found a way to bring a Joe Smith to the criss-crossed grating of the jail, through which they talked.

THERE were other visits. Perhaps, during one of them, the guard may have looked the other way; that often is found to have happened just prior to a jail-break or prison escape.

At any rate, Underhill went back to his cell with saws concealed in his clothing. Shortly after that, he cut through the bars of his enclosure, likewise sawed the bars of the window, and dropped to the ground on a rope made of bed-sheets. One more exploit had been added to his career.

Officers who chase criminals work on the theory of the homing instinct. They felt sure that Underhill would return sometime to Picher.

This he did and walked into a trap, only to shoot his way out of it. An innocent man fell as a result of the speeding bullets—Earl O'Neal, an oil-worker.

Underhill had committed another murder. But the officers got him again, and this time visitors were watched more closely.

Underhill was sentenced to spend the rest of his life in the Oklahoma State Penitentiary at McAlester for the Fee killing, with the other charge yet to be tried.

Now he had become truly a desperado, with the probability that he would be sent to the chair for the murder of O'Neal. So he attempted an escape, only to fail, and was placed in solitary confinement.

That did not last long; soon he not only was out of the solitary cell, but outside the walls, and working with a guarded gang on road construction.

You may ask why this happened. The answer is that a prison is only as efficiently managed as the voters who are supposed to stand guard over our public officials.

Suddenly, as the men marched along, Underhill slipped out of line and into a clump of bushes. The convicts continued to march, silent, giving no sign that a man was missing from their ranks.

They call such an action the "criminal code." It is in reality fear—fear that a convict pal of the escaped prisoner will knife them, or the desperado himself be waiting to settle the matter when the term is done and both meet in freedom.

But at last a guard shouted. Underhill was missing.

It was then that the escaped convict ran out of the brush, upon a jagged, dodging course, and headed for the bluff of a river. There, with the crack of rifles sounding behind him, he leaped into the water, diving at frequent intervals to escape the bullets which were splashing about him.

At last he climbed out uninjured on the other side of the river and headed into the scrub oak. Guards sometimes are notoriously bad shots.

A short time later the desperado reached Wichita, Kansas, where he took up his residence in a hotel, to all appearances merely one of the dozens of farmers, oil-workers, ranchers and business men who frequented the place.

He was well clothed. He had sufficient money. How all this happened is a part of the criminal existence which must be explained later; it, too, is simple.

Then a robbery occurred in Wichita and someone in the hotel reported having seen stolen goods in Underhill's room.

MERLE COLVER, a Wichita policeman, came to Underhill's room to question him regarding the reported possession of stolen goods. The bandit opened the door with one hand and with the other grasped an automatic pistol.

Colver had no time to ask questions. He fell mortally wounded, and other policemen, hurrying to his aid, caught the murderer as he sought to escape.

Since Kansas has no law providing for capital punishment, Underhill promptly pleaded guilty to the killing of the policeman, thereby being sent to Lansing prison for life; otherwise he might have been returned to Oklahoma and been executed for the O'Neal murder.

So again he was in jail and working to be free.

On Memorial Day, 1933, there was a prison break. Underhill "crushed out" with ten other convicts.

Now, with some twelve years of crime

A machine-gun battle between police and gangsters, as depicted in a film. Underhill met his end in this way, defying fifteen officers until he dropped, riddled with bullets. The title Public Enemy No. 1 passed to another head . . .

development behind him, he plunged into a career of bank robbery, assault, hold-ups and murder in the three States.

Once, armed with a machine-gun, he halted the car in which he had been fleeing from officers and, stepping forth, waved them closer, as if begging them to come on and be killed.

With other companions, he actually drove the officers out of a town, then, with the law at bay, rode up and down the streets, driving citizens within their houses. He even robbed banks by the expedient of loading the safe on to a truck and carting it away.

At last he became so dangerous that even hardened bank robbers became fearful and excused themselves from teaming up with him.

Finally he was identified as a violator of various Federal laws. This put the United States Government on his trail. A determined hunt began.

For a time it seemed in vain. Protected by the wide range of criminal acquaintanceship which he possessed, Underhill was always a jump ahead of the officers.

Perhaps it made him even more daring: he entered the town of Coalgate, Oklahoma, one day with Hazel Hudson, a childhood sweetheart, and a member of the family from which sprang the Jarrett gang of bank robbers. There he was married. Then with his bride he vanished.

But the net drew slowly tighter. One cold, drizzly night in late December, 1933, word came that the Tri-State Terror, as he now was known, with his wife and some pals, was in a house at Shawnee, Oklahoma.

The information had come at midnight.

Two hours later, after a wild forty-three mile drive from Oklahoma City, seven Special Agents and eight police officers and deputy sheriffs crept toward the house, from a point some distance away where they had left their three automobiles.

A block from the house, darkened except for the north-east bedroom, where the curtains were raised, the main body of the posse split, half to approach from one side, half from the other, to permit a cross fire if necessary. Then men with gas guns were detailed to cover the front and rear.

Wilbur Underhill now bore the title which passes so swiftly from head to head these days—Public Enemy Number 1.

The creeping approach began. No one spoke; each was guided only by the faint rustling sound of the moving men to his right and left. Then a dog began to bark from an adjoining yard.

"That damned dog!" whispered a deputy

"Hurry!" came in a low tone from the Special Agent in charge. "That dog'll warn him——"

CROUCHED, they ran forward. Then the Special Agent in charge straightened, his machine-gun in readiness. Before him, not fifty feet away, outlined in the light of the room of the raised window shade, stood Wilbur Underhill.

He was in his underwear, apparently making ready for bed. Within reach, upon a near-by table, the Special Agent could see two converted Luger pistols, each capable of firing thirty-one shots with machine-gun speed.

"This is the law!" shouted the Special Agent. "Put your hands up, Wilbur, and don't reach for those guns!"

The desperado stood perfectly still for almost a second. Then spasmodically he whirled to the right and grasped the two Lugers.

Again the agents shouted: the answer of the Terror was to bring the guns into firing position and pull their triggers.

Instantly yellow-streaked fire burst forth from half a dozen spots in the darkness. Underhill staggered and fell to the floor.

"We got him!" shouted a deputy.

"Stay back, there!" The Special Agent in command was a veteran of many such battles. Then, "Didn't I tell you? He's on his feet again."

The Terror had risen, both Lugers blazing. Now there were fifteen guns to answer his shots.

Suddenly aid came to Underhill from the front end of the house. A pal, Ralph Lowe, had seized a weapon and had begun firing.

The night was now a hideous rattle, stabbed by the screams of Underhill's woman. But still the battle continued, Rowe and Underhill now out of sight, but continuing to fire nevertheless, while the darkness outside was slashed by the flame of machine-guns, pistols, automatic rifles.

The deadly spurts which had been coming from the front window ceased; Rowe had been wounded and was out of the battle. Underhill rose from his hiding place and, with a burst of fire, emptied his Lugers into the drizzling night.

Then, for the briefest part of an instant, he stood immobile. His machine-gun and shotguns were in his automobile, locked in the garage.

MOMENTARILY beaten at the game of killing, upon which he had practised so long, the man staggered from the impact of a bullet, then with amazing strength leaped for the door leading to a hall-way.

Again the Special Agent shouted a command:

"He's headed out—on a get-away!"

Guns converged on the front veranda. The door opened. A dim, greyish form showed faintly as Underhill leapt from the house to the steps, then outward.

Again the drive of bullets began, automatics, pistols, the deathly rattle of submachine guns. Wilbur Underhill slumped in a stumbling fall, only to straighten and again go onward.

Once more the posse cut him down. But once more he rose—and vanished around the side of a neighbouring house.

Then the slow search began. Flashlights poked their white beams into every unlocked garage in the neighbourhood, every corner, every open cellarway. The hunt was fruitless.

Bloodhounds were hurriedly brought from town. The drizzle had become a downpour now; they circled aimlessly, baying their inability to pick up a scent.

Meanwhile Sheriff Stanley Rogers, of Oklahoma City, with another posse, was cruising the streets. He heard a rumour that a man who staggered had been seen at a downtown furniture store.

He hurried there with his men. Once more flashlights pointed a way.

There, sprawled on a bed which had been set up as a furniture exhibit, they found the hunted man, his body torn by thirteen bullets; three of them had caused vital wounds. Yet it was nearly a week before the Tri-State Terror died.

The story of Underhill, as I have told it in detail, seems unusual. However, the only modification necessary to make it applicable to any one of the spectacular cases which have occupied public attention within the last few years, is to change the names and locale. The formula is the same, whether the place be New York, San Francisco, New Orleans or Chicago.

In a measure, the history of Wilbur Underhill is even the history of Al Capone; certainly there could be no two men apparently more widely separated in the field of crime; but let us compare them:

Underhill started as a small-time bootlegger. Capone started as a hanger-on around the Five Points in New York.

Underhill widened his acquaintanceship among criminals. Capone finally became known among gangsters in New York as a tough man in a fight and was taken to Chicago as a hoodlum.

Both Underhill and Capone grew into enemies of society through a slow climb of the ladder; this writer can remember the days when Al Capone was only a "capper," procurer and manager for the Four Deuces saloon at Number 2222, South Wabash Avenue, in Chicago.

I saw him there a dozen times, coat-collar turned up on winter nights, hands deep in pockets as he fell in step with a passer-by and mumbled:

"Say, pal, want to drink some good beer? Got some nice-looking girls in—I—here——"

Both Capone and Underhill were at one time merely members of the three million small timers from which graduate the Ten Thousand.

THUS dangerous crime becomes a mammoth grab-bag, and no one knows which man out of the tremendous number of candidates will become the one who, seemingly within a short time, takes his position on the first page as a national menace.

As conditions exist, the worthwhile criminal of to-day knows exactly where to find aid in any city of size in America. He knows what merchant to patronise, what tailor makes clothes with concealed pistol pockets, which hotels and resorts are "right," what cities have politically dominated police.

He has the telephone numbers and names of doctors who will attend his wounds if he is injured in the commission of a crime and who will keep the fact a secret.

He even has a fairly good record of "soft" pardon boards, easy governors and "gill" or loosely run prisons, so that if caught for his crimes he may plead guilty to something in a State where punishment is not severe and where the parole board is composed of "sisters" who believe that all a convict needs to make him a model of sweetness and gentility is a little more freedom.

He knows the names of hundreds of quiet outlying resorts throughout the United States where a person may hide out from the law—"cooling-off joints," they are called. He even knows what beauty-shop proprietor to patronise to get his hair dyed.

Sources of supply and channels of distribution are as necessary in law-breaking pursuits as in legitimate business When juries learn to dry them up, crime will dry up.

SPEEDY automobiles and airplanes have widened both the criminal's field of acquaintanceship and of activity. The old-time specialisation has, to a degree, vanished; a man no longer is a safe-cracker and nothing else; he is an all-round criminal and he uses the nation for his field.

Thus a crook of any pretensions can operate as well in San Francisco as in his home field of New York—all he needs is a list of names and telephone numbers.

A man who pulls a bank robbery in Philadelphia to-day can sell his stolen securities to a fence in Los Angeles to-morrow. A man may even operate in a State and yet not even take his meals there.

Thus crime has taken on shuttle-like proportions; men living in one State and committing crimes a thousand miles away, mobsters of one city in direct touch with the mobsters of another, bank robbers hurrying from place to place by fast automobile or airplane that they may contact lawyers, doctors, face-lifters, hair-dyers, brokers for stolen bonds, purveyors of kidnap-money, dealers in gangster guns.

The problem of the ten thousand real and three million potential public enemies, whose records cram the tremendous Identification Unit in Washington, become therefore not so much what to do about crime as how to do it.

Next Week:

The Gunmen Begin to Shoot

And yet they Jail You!

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru

DEAR PUNDIT,—I know you hate that title, as indeed you do all hereditary privileges and designations. But it is yours. I will call you that, as Jawaharlal is too difficult to spell.

Well, after a few days in England, you have gone back to India to face, for all you know, more imprisonment and more persecution.

"What the future may hold, I do not know," you told us. "I may be exalted or depressed, but your words of good cheer will encourage me."

Few in the House of Commons seemed to care, but, when you went there the other day, one of the world's bravest spirits—one embodied in your slight retiring frame—was within the walls of the Palace of Westminster.

Who, looking at you, could believe that, in the last eight years, you have spent five and a half years in jail? Because you not only preach idealism but practise it, Officialdom has made of you a martyr.

I heard M.P.s cross-examine you—the Duchess of Atholl, Lady Astor and others. You spoke of a new freedom for the masses of India.

You have dived deep into the economic causes of destitution. You have preached a new Gospel.

They, not unkindly, wanted to know what you would do about the Civil Service, meaning the British people out there. They asked whether, before you claimed Home Rule for the Indians, you would not prove your worth by seeking to apply the new India Act.

You explained that India was India and British officials were British officials, costly, an intrusion, nothing to do with India.

"The India Act only makes things worse," you said. "I dread its consequences."

You reminded M.P.s how they had, for months, discussed in the House of Commons the problems of India without understanding them. "What do you know about India?" you asked. "Ours is an Indian problem. You look at it merely from the British point of view."

"What would you do without an Army?" you were asked.

"The Indian Army is an Indian Army," you replied. "It could still defend India. Certainly, it has British officers. They could still be employed by us. If they would not accept employment, we could get them from other European countries."

Seldom have I been so impressed as when I listened to you. Three times I heard you speak in London—in the Caxton Hall, to a small gathering of Labour members, and then to a larger group of M.P.s, but one far too small.

You stressed the idea which some of us accept—that we are all human beings, British people and Indians, Chinese and Japanese, brown people, and whites and black people. You pointed out what should be obvious, that every nation has the right to govern itself.

"What about Christianity?" you were asked. There was no sneer in your reply that, although Christianity was known in India centuries before it reached England, to-day, when missionaries went to India, they went as masters, joining up as part of the ruling class—as conquerors, not as equals.

"The Indian problem is settled" is the idea in many people's minds. You warned M.P.s that the difficulties are now greater than ever.

You spoke of the hundreds of thousands of people who had been imprisoned, many without trial; how there were Press restrictions and a score of things that no self-respecting people could accept. You told of friends who were always in jail, idealists, people forced into "politics," which they hated, because no decent man in India could keep out of politics.

Some of the M.P.s, when they saw you, thought they looked at a "rebel," a "Red," a dangerous man, one of those "dreadful" people who are supposed to inflame the minds of millions. No quieter man ever entered the House of Commons, no man with a greater idealism, no man with a more simple philosophy.

"You must not conquer," was your lesson. "You must not oppress. You must share. You must live together on a basis of equality."

What do they know of England who only Kipling know?

We are not, we British, a superior people except when, more than others, we learn to serve. A system which sends men like you to jail must be based on injustice.

You have now succeeded Gandhi as India's great leader. You have been re-elected President of the Indian National Congress, which, at Lucknow, may be forced to encourage revolt against the new India Act.

"There may be revolt," you said, warningly. But you delighted to reassure people that, in spite of all the injustice, there is in the background of hostility a desire for friendship between the British and the Indians.

Sometimes, I dread the future. I can see the great East awakening, determined to throw off its chains, its subservience to the whites. I can see European Powers, shorn of much they once possessed, heading Europe to disaster

The world can only be saved, my dear Pundit, by such a philosophy as that which Gandhi preaches and you preach, that philosophy which Lansbury expresses, in season and out of season.

You three always remind us that there must be no conquered and no conquerors, that we are brothers and sisters one of another, that all races are entitled to their own self-expression, and that Right cannot be based on Might.

Although you were heard by only a few people in England, you left behind you a great inspiration. If all the reformers in this country were as calmly valiant as you, a new hope would dawn in the minds of oppressed millions.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

HOW many public disgraces are still with us because so many people think that what's happened before is good enough to happen again!

We've just had a painful example of that in the case of the young mother who had to wheel her dead baby in a perambulator through the streets.

* * *

Told at a London hospital to bring the child for a post-mortem examination, she asked vainly for an ambulance.

At the inquest, the hospital doctor apologised. He said he had known bodies to be brought through the streets before.

Yes, and for that very reason he shouldn't have allowed it to happen again!

* * *

Keep your eyes on the Arms Commission. There is an increasing note of cynicism in its revelations.

"I am not a Puritan in these things. We took the business offering," confesses Sir Harry McGowan, whose firm is said to have supplied material to both sides in a dispute.

Another witness, Capt. Ball, frankly admits that "palm-greasing" is essential to get certain orders for armaments.

There could be no more eloquent testimony to the way in which the "traffic of death" is carried on.

* * *

Obviously Major-General Sir Henry Thuillier, who warns us against "sloppy sentimentalism" about gas warfare, has never seen gas victims "coughing up their lungs."

* * *

Twelve hundred people, Sir John Simon admits, were wrongly arrested in London alone last year for loitering. But he does not feel there are sufficient grounds for an enquiry.

Certainly no enquiry is needed to tell us that it is becoming dangerous for decent citizens to take a stroll.

What *is* needed is less police officiousness and greater discretion.

* * *

Mr. Hore-Belisha wants horse-drawn traffic, the chief cause of congestion, prohibited in Central London.

Horse-lovers will resist that on sentimental grounds—vested interests for material reasons.

But other times, other traffic!

* * *

An impressive court—the British Government—refutes the Italian allegation that we have supplied the Abyssinians with dum-dum bullets. No doubt Mussolini is enraged by this categorical denial

For if we rob his war of its lies we shall abolish his most insidious weapon.

* * *

"A blind beast in a car" is how a magistrate describes a Wembley motorist named Jollye who made people jump for their lives. He is said to have stated that he had had twenty glasses of beer or more and nothing to eat.

Now he has gone to jail for two months.

A brief two months' respite for the Wembley public.

Why not stop him driving for good!

* * *

A few items from the week's news: People in Leeds are living in houses "unfit for pigs"; a London man, his wife and seven children are trying to exist in a room 10 ft. long and 9 ft. wide; a mother has to feed thirteen on £2 14s. a week.

Missionary work abroad may have its claims. But let us bring light into the lives of our own unfortunates first!

* * *

Winter ebbs, but floods go on. Why? Because Mr. Elliot, Minister of Agriculture, cannot see any prospect of land drainage legislation this session.

If you are of the hundreds of thousands of flood victims your eyesight is doubtlessly a good deal better than his!

* * *

The enquiry into milk prices has dragged on for a month. Every day has added another £600 to the bill of costs.

What should obviously follow is an enquiry into the dearness of the dear-milk enquiry.

* * *

Parliament is tied up with cotton just now. M.P.s are busy with the Bill that will scrap a fifth of Lancashire's spindles.

There is to be no compensation for the operatives thrown on the scrap-heap, though owners will get sums far in excess of the value of half-bankrupt mills.

Half measures of this sort suggest a bankrupt statesmanship.

* * *

Beware of the clause in the Education Bill which permits a child to stay away from school in case of hardship.

In intention—excellent. If abused—the slave child will be back.

We can imagine all sorts of slavish tasks that can be imposed on children in Hardship's name.

* * *

If you don't know the law you may get into trouble. But even to the magistrate it is an unintelligible puzzle, says Mr. Claud Mullins, the London stipendiary.

To make it simple may be a harder job than it sounds. But that job will have to be done before the ultimate judge—the ordinary citizen—treats the law with the respect it should command.

* * *

1936—yet silly people at East Grinstead are demanding that the serpent sign should be taken off the new hospital because two patients have died there.

During the war the R.A.M.C., which has the same emblem, nursed millions of soldiers back to health. They won't share this crazy superstition.

* * *

Mr. A. P. Herbert's proposals for divorce reform baffle us. Why no divorce unless the parties have been married for at least five years? Why no marriage without a six months' formal engagement or three months' notice?

Mr. Herbert seems unduly impressed by the importance of time limits—probably since he has been listening to his fellow-M.P.s' speeches.

* * *

We can't share the frequently expressed admiration for people like the Birmingham man who, after working seventy-three years with one firm, refuses to retire.

A lot of folk would never get the chance of starting if such doggedness were a common virtue.

* * *

Complaints are still pouring into our office about many firms which, as a mark of respect, closed down on the day of King George's funeral—and stopped their employees' pay.

We leave our readers to make their own comment on that. Words fails us

by
A. G. GARDINER

Why Tell the Wife

THE remark of a woman in the Clerkenwell County Court a few days ago raises a question which goes a good deal deeper than the subject to which she directly referred.

She was giving evidence on a matter affecting her husband's earnings, and she remarked that though she had been married for twenty-nine years she had no knowledge on the subject. "Men do not tell their wives what they earn," she said, as if she were stating a commonplace.

It may be, of course, that she had an interest in not knowing or in not admitting that she knew: but assuming that she was speaking the truth, it does not follow that her general accusation is true. We are all apt to generalise too confidently from our own particular experience.

☆ ★ ☆

"Everybody knows" is a phrase that falls easily from our lips when we are making an assertion which we want to be accepted, but for which we have no evidence beyond our own. And not infrequently we are most dogmatic when the evidence is least convincing.

I should not like to confess how often I have caught myself starting to write that "No one will doubt" this, that or the other, when on consideration I realise that there are a lot of people who will doubt. If writing teaches one anything, it is to distrust facile generalisation such as that of the Clerkenwell woman.

Her statement may be true on the balance, but there is no evidence on the subject, and until we include in the census return the question "Do you tell your wife what you earn?" there *will* be no evidence. And in any case the assertion that they do not tell must be subject to a multitude of exceptions and considerations not necessarily discreditable to the men.

It will depend, for example, on the character of your income. If it is a fixed weekly wage the question in a well-organised household will not arise.

The maintenance of the household is the common task, and the standard of maintenance is determined by the income. And the knowledge of that income is as essential to the wife as it is to the husband.

Indeed, it is more essential. For she has to do the spending and to cut the coat according to the cloth. And it is the spending more than the earning that is the key to good housekeeping.

☆ ★ ☆

When I was living years ago in Lancashire I knew a very able Scotch doctor who, contrasting the characteristics of his own people with those of the Lancashire people, said, "The striking difference between the two is this: the Scotch people are concerned, first, with the judicious spending of money; the Lancashire people think most of the earning of money, and that is the difference between thrift and unthrift."

It follows from all this that, where the income is fixed, the concealment of the amount by the husband is bad economy and bad manners, and will certainly lead to trouble.

There may, of course, be justification for it, of which I will speak later. But I have assumed "a well-organised household" in which both are pulling together and both are pulling their full weight. So much for the fixed income people of whatever grade. They are, I suppose, by far the most numerous section of the community.

But there is another great class—tradesmen, merchants, professional men, farmers, and so on—whose income is uncertain and variable and can only be discovered by the annual stocktaking and accountancy.

Here the husband with the best will in the world cannot tell his wife what he is earning. The best he can do is to make an estimate and ask her to keep within the limits of his prospective income.

Samuel Pepys in his Diary records how every New Year's Eve he used to tot up his balance-sheet for the past year and thank God for his prosperity. But I remember no case in which he shared the news with Mrs. Pepys.

☆ ★ ☆

She, "poor wretch"—as he loved to call her—was in bed, and he had far too many secrets that he preserved from her. I think his income was one of the least discreditable of them.

I should not offer Pepys as a model husband in this matter, and I fancy he represents many of us who, without being spendthrifts, tend to be a little uncommunicative about income and much more voluble in regard to outgoings.

There are, of course, cases in which a certain secrecy is justified. They are cases which are much more frequent in the well-to-do world than in the working-class world.

There are few persons with whom we are more familiar in the records of the courts than the extravagant wife who, having married as she supposes someone with an inexhaustible purse, proceeds to pile up a mountain of debt for her husband at all the jewellers' and costumiers' establishments between Regent Street and Park Lane, until he is driven in desperation to warn the world that he will not be responsible for her extravagances.

A man may be forgiven for not taking such an irresponsible partner into his confidence about money matters.

I know such a case—that of a middle-aged and moderately well-to-do man, who, having to his astonishment—for he is a modest fellow—won the hand of a flighty young beauty of the modern type, is drifting, still dazed by his divinity, to disaster.

If he walks with her down Bond Street she will pop into a shop to buy something as trivial as pocket handkerchiefs and come out with a demand for £25 for some divine creation that has caught her eye on the way to the counter.

Useless to talk to such a one about income. She is only interested in expenditure, and would sacrifice the universe for a new gown.

And of course in all classes—the working class as well as the rest—there are wives who, without being criminally extravagant, are tactless and helpless as managers of the household, and in such cases the household is lucky if the husband cannot only earn the money but control the spending of it.

I recall the case of no less a person than a Prime Minister of this country who in his spare moments might be found in his library wrestling with the butcher's and baker's accounts for the week.

☆ ★ ☆

But to return to the deeper significance of the question raised by the remark of the Clerkenwell woman, there can be no doubt that the wise husband is he who makes no secret to his wife of his income.

She is entitled to know, and the denial of the knowledge is resented, raises suspicions, and destroys the mutual confidence that is the surest guarantee of a smooth-running domestic life.

And it is not only in regard to money matters that the rule applies. The worst of all blights upon a household is the blight of unshared interests, and if I were approaching my wedding day instead of my golden wedding day the first commandment I should address to myself would be: "No secrecies, young man, if you please."

The wise husband is he who makes no secret to his wife of his income. She is entitled to know, and the denial of the knowledge is resented, raises suspicions, and destroys mutual confidence

JOHN BULL'S NEW GIFT TO READERS

THIS week we announce on pages 6 and 7 a new Gift for our readers.

Because JOHN BULL *is so intimately linked with the family circle, the Gift is essentially a homely one.*

It is a handsome, high-class Bread Knife—made in Sheffield from the famous Firth stainless steel—the best available for knives of this kind. It is finished with a mirror-polish and has a fine quality white Ivorine handle.

Here is a clean and efficient cutter, specially made to reduce waste of bread to the minimum. And it ensures the daintiest and thinnest of slices. For sandwiches it is ideal.

Remember! This Bread Knife is yours absolutely as a Gift. *But you must apply for it at once. This opportunity cannot long remain open. For full details see pages 6 and 7. Get the Reservation Forms filled in and posted at once.*

I say to myself-
PARK DRIVE
for pleasure!
5 FOR 2D
10 FOR 4D
15 FOR 6D
PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD)

KING CORONER Dethroned

IN December, 1934, under the title "Inquest on the Coroner," there appeared in JOHN BULL what was probably the most comprehensive survey ever made by any journal of the abuses of the inquest law of England and Wales.

The indictment then made was founded on evidence which was obtained after prolonged investigation in all parts of the country and which was completely beyond challenge. The disquieting disclosures roused great public interest, and many references were made to them on platforms and in other sections of the Press.

Exactly three months after the publication of the result of the JOHN BULL enquiry, the Home Secretary set up a Departmental Committee, with Lord Wright as chairman, to ascertain what changes were desirable and practicable in the law and practice relating to coroners' courts.

Under a cloud

The report and recommendations of the Wright Committee have now been published, and they provide the most devastating criticism of inquest procedure in any official document on the subject since the office of coroner was established eight centuries ago. Item by item, they confirm in detail the need for the drastic reforms first revealed in JOHN BULL.

One of the chief reasons for JOHN BULL's exposure was to urge that in cases of suspected murder and manslaughter the virtual trial by the coroner of a suspected person should completely cease.

The Wright Report emphatically endorses our view, and it is now impossible to conceive that any of the 369 coroners will ever again have the temerity to allow himself to become a mere adjunct to the police by brow-beating witnesses and countenancing other irregular methods of obtaining doubtful evidence.

The fiction that in these cases the inquest is not a trial but an investigation has been maintained far too long. In too many instances the coroner has used his office to incriminate people who were afterwards found to be completely innocent, but who had to be under a cloud of suspicion for the rest of their lives. King Coroner is, in fact, to be dethroned.

We do not like the recommendation of the Committee advocating a censorship on newspapers with regard to reports of suicide inquests and suggesting they should be limited to a statement of the name and address of the deceased and of the verdict. Censorship of this

The wise and expert guidance of Lord Wright distinguishes the report and findings of the Coroners Committee, of which he was chairman

kind might be harmful. Cases might arise where it is in the public interest that the facts should be made known.

It is nevertheless true that many suicide inquests are nobody's business but the parties concerned. The publication of details in such circumstances merely brings pain to relatives. It serves no useful purpose. Moreover, it can be harmful, especially in cases of supposed painless death by new poisons or other methods, because of the tendency for unbalanced people to imitate these suicides.

Our own view is that the Press itself should discriminate between the suicide case that should be reported and the one that should not.

Censorship of the Press is as highly dangerous a practice in connection with inquests as it is in other directions.

No longer, if the Committee's recommendation is adopted, will the fictitious and dishonest verdict of suicide "while of unsound mind" be returned by coroners. There are now nearly 6,000 suicides in Britain yearly, and in seventy-nine out of every eighty a "temporarily insane" finding is given, although the evidence of the most eminent medical authorities shows that there is little real justification in the great majority of cases for this verdict.

JOHN BULL has, however, more definite and urgent reasons for advocating the abolition of this verdict than are mainly relied upon by the Wright Committee. The first is that these insanity findings at inquests have been freely and officially used to demonstrate the supposed prevalence of lunacy in this country and to justify ever greater expenditure of public money upon unnecessary new asylums and the appointment of battalions of officials.

Then there is the incalculable harm done to relatives by the placing of the stigma of insanity on the family. In the past ten years at least a quarter of a million innocent people have been unjustly branded in this manner.

Money-seekers

In every particular the Wright Committee has substantiated the condemnation by JOHN BULL of the amazing extent to which the coroners' courts have been used in recent years to influence the question of civil liabilities. All over the country coroners have been allowing interested parties to make use of inquests, by getting riders of exoneration or blame, in order to elicit facts from witnesses which have a bearing on claims for damages but which have nothing to do with the finding of the cause of death.

It is not going too far to state that many scores of coroners' courts have become happy hunting grounds for people searching for a stray chance of getting money out of someone.

In this connection nothing has been more reprehensible than the manner in which numerous coroners have prejudiced the claims of the families of workmen by declaring that death did not arise from their employment. The Committee's proposal to prevent the discussion of civil liability at inquests will be justified alone if it makes the onus for the deaths of workpeople a matter exclusively one for the decision of the county court judges.

We are extremely glad of the finding that in future an inquest should be held where there is reasonable ground for suspecting that a person's death is due wholly or in part to an illness or disease resulting from his or her occupation.

In an immense number of cases relatives of deceased workmen are denied compensation because it is accepted that death was due to, say, pneumonia, tuberculosis or bronchitis, whereas the primary cause of these diseases was the nature of their work.

Cause for regret

The State has a special responsibility in regard to industrial diseases, and the proposal to make inquests compulsory would be bound to have the effect, at least, of bringing about a realisation of the special measures which are so necessary to prevent and combat these diseases.

But it has to be regretted that the Committee has not recommended that a statutory right should be given to the relatives of dead workmen to be medically represented by their own doctor at *post-mortem* examinations—a privilege which should, of course, also be extended to employers if they desire it.

About 40,000 inquests are held in this country yearly, and, in far too many cases, they are unnecessary from any public or private point of view, being merely an intrusion upon the privacy of a family in distress.

JOHN BULL does not agree, however, with a suggestion of the Committee that inquests should no longer be held upon deaths caused by minor accidents. The investigation of simple mishaps has often revealed the need for safety devices and the removal of public danger spots, and has, indeed, been one of the few justifications for the tolerance of the antiquated inquest system.

Revealing faults

Especially has JOHN BULL good reason to oppose a further finding of the Committee that coroners should have a discretion to dispense with inquests in the case of deaths under anæsthetics or during surgical operations. Public dismay has been caused by such statements as that "the operation was entirely successful, but the patient died . . ." or that "there may have been negligence, but the patient would have died in any case."

The advantage of inquests on operation deaths in hospitals, nursing homes and institutions is that they frequently elicit facts which may prevent repetitions of faulty work or negligence.

In view of the severity width and completeness of the Committee's findings as a whole, Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, has had an obvious duty imposed upon him to translate them speedily into legislation. There can be no excuse for hesitation Only fools or persons with deeply vested interests in the present system would oppose any attempt by Parliament to thwart the prevalent abuses.

Watch Your Step

Not from the B.B.C.

WHEN a bright sun shines the brighter
And no clouds your skyscape fleck.
When your heart feels even lighter
Than your pockets, you must check
Your elation; when she gets you
In this state, Dame Fortune sets you
Blowing bubbles, then she lets you
Have it squarely in the neck!

When you glimpse alluring visions
And no confidence you lack,
Hesitate to take decisions;
Though the world's your nut to crack,
Do not yield to the attraction!
When life oozes satisfaction,
You should curb your wish for action
Till the clouds come rolling back!

Lest any perspicacious reader should detect a wanton paradox in the foregoing, we hasten to call to our support Dr. Donald Laird, of Colgate University, U.S.A. Having conducted an investigation into the ups and downs and ins and outs of human emotion, the learned doctor issues the warning: "When your mood is at the peak of satisfaction it is important not to take important decisions."

The moment of excessive optimism which comes with the tidings that you have drawn the favourite in the sewing bee's sweepstake on the Waterloo Cup is the worst possible moment for deciding to invest your hypothetical winnings in a problematical mine recommended by an enigmatical gent. from a (kick-the) bucket shop.

It is much better to postpone such a decision until a foggy Friday, when, with a final notice from the income-tax gangsters in your pocket, you trudge forth to meet the train that is bringing your mother-in-law on a three weeks' visit.

Nothing is more dangerous than a feeling of exaltation such as seizes hold of a mouse when it laps the drippings from a sherry cask and demands: "Whereah th' bloomin' cat? Hic—bring it out!"

Through feeling that he was sitting on top of the world many a man has overbalanced and fallen into the soup; so Dr. Laird is not as paradoxical as he may seem when he insists that it is especially undesirable to make a proposal of marriage when one is feeling happy.

In such a mood a man is liable to ask some goose to share his overdraft, under the impression that she is an authentic swan, and he may not realise his error until he finds himself beginning a life sentence of hard labour in the exercise yard (described in the estate agent's advt. as "¼ acre gdn.") of Mon Repos.

Precisely what degree of gloom is desirable in a mutt who would swooing go, the learned doctor omits to state. But it is probably not advisable to look too much like the caretaker of a mortuary or the next-door neighbour of a crooner, as this might cause the confounded girl to say "Yes" out of sheer pity.

Don't be guilty of proposing
When Spring turns your blood to wine;
Though above a moon is dozing
And she shimmers in its shine,
And the moonlight tempts you—let it!
Do not yield or you'll regret it!

If you wish to pop the question,
You the proper time should choose:
If you're plagued with indigestion
And there're corns inside your shoes
And the day is wet—much better
Wait until it's even wetter!

Yes, we know you've "never had a day's illness in your life." We know you're as strong as a lion. But influenza thrives on people like you. As soon as the first symptoms appear, put yourself to bed with a hot water bottle and as many blankets as you can find—and then call in the doctor. In the meantime, remember that Boots, in forewarning you against influenza, are fully equipped to forearm you too. And should you happen to be one of its victims you can rely on Boots to make up your doctor's prescription with a speed and accuracy that you rightly take for granted.

GET IT MADE UP AT

The Boots Chemists

Boots Pure Drug Co., Nottingham

CVS—71

HITLER MUST NOT SIGN!

His Grimmest Secret Revealed

NEWS of immense gravity has come into the possession of JOHN BULL from a private source that is unimpeachable.

Herr Hitler, the German Chancellor, has on his desk awaiting signature a decree to banish all the Jews from Germany and to confiscate their property.

There are still nearly 500,000 Jews left in Germany. If the decree is enforced the repercussions throughout the world, and in Europe in particular, will be tremendous and terrible. A supreme crisis will have to be faced. The nations will have to act from motives, not only of humanity, but of self-interest.

Germany would again be challenging civilisation and the conscience of mankind.

But she must never be allowed to make that challenge.

It has been the intention of Hitler's advisers to maintain such secrecy until the decree is signed that the world should be caught unprepared for this final abomination—that Germany should present a *fait accompli* to a staggered mankind.

This outrage must not be committed. Christian countries must at once exercise their moral authority and demand from the German Government the fullest assurances and guarantees that it will not proceed with this persecution.

We make the revelation for this purpose and with the confident hope of stimulating international readiness for whatever action may be necessary.

The dread decree has been on Hitler's desk since just before Christmas. The fact that it has not yet been signed is not due to any reluctance to give effect to it.

▣ ▣ ▣

Hitler has made merely a compromise of delay with certain of his advisers. We understand that his intention is to withhold his ratification until after the Olympic Games in Berlin next August. But the pressure being applied to him is so intense that he may be stampeded before then.

This is even more probable in view of the intense anti-Jewish feeling aroused in Nazi circles by the shooting a few days ago of Dr. Gustloff, the Nazi leader in Switzerland, by a Jew.

It is only by the narrowest majorities of their sporting councils that many of the forty-one nations due to be represented at the Olympic Games have decided to send teams to Germany. The hostility is solely due to the barbarous treatment of the Jews already in progress.

Hitler realises, therefore, that to move in the intended direction before early autumn would inevitably evoke a universal boycott of the Games. It is not the abandonment of the Olympiad which would trouble him, but the torch which would thus be lit to kindle the world to flaming anger.

The decision previously reached by the nations to participate in the Olympic Games has, in these circumstances, become a blessing in disguise to German Jewry. The respite of nearly six months, now that the plot is known, gives time for international action to be taken to make it manifest to Hitler that it will be best for him to tear that decree up.

It is Alfred Rosenberg, the Nazi specialist in foreign affairs, Hitler's closest and most intimate associate, the editor of his newspaper, who is the author of the decree. By every argument and device at his command he is now applying his great influence on Hitler to persuade the Chancellor to hesitate no longer, regardless of the consequences.

Against Rosenberg's influence on Hitler stands Dr. Schacht, the Minister for Economic Affairs. Dr. Schacht has no Jewish sympathies, but, as one of the ablest financial and economic experts alive, he foresees the calamitous effect on Germany's future of the wholesale expulsion of the Jews.

He knows that the large forced Jewish emigration which has already taken place is causing loss to Germany by the fact that each emigrant takes capital out of the country in merchandise or cash and, further, that the hasty liquidation of Jewish business enterprise is already resulting in a noticeable decrease in his country's commercial activities, since most of the Jewish firms are passing into incapable or inexperienced hands.

In delaying the decree until August, the Chancellor has not been actuated by any respect for Schacht's advice. He is temporising to provide his friend Rosenberg with a better and safer opportunity to deliver his devastating blow.

▣ ▣ ▣

A delegation composed of Viscount Bearsted, Sir Herbert Samuel and Mr. Simon Marks has been on a visit from this country to the U.S.A. to discuss with the leaders of American Jewry a plan of joint action to assist Jewish refugees from Germany.

That delegation left Britain in possession of information which Hitler, Rosenberg and Schacht believed was theirs alone.

A Jew leaving Germany now is not allowed t take any money out of the country and only goods to the value of from 15 to 20 per cent. of his business.

One of the objects of the British delegation was to arrange for the setting up of a liquidation bank, with resources of at least £10,000,000, to absorb this merchandise and to finance the owners until they can establish themselves in other countries.

It is proposed also to raise £3,000,000 immediately—one-third in Britain and the remainder in America—for relief purposes and to assist the emigration from Germany of Jews who have been driven out of work and who have no money at all.

But these are only palliative measures for German Jewry, most of the members of which, under ruthless and stubborn persecution, are already finding it impossible to sustain life in the segregation to which they have been condemned.

So far, the Jews, their lives and property, are being held as hostages by Germany until ransomed by Jewish money, to be used for stimulating German trade and to buy aeroplanes and armaments. This buying out of German Jewry cannot go on indefinitely.

▣ ▣ ▣

The agony of the Jew is all that Hitler can offer after three years of power to satisfy the Nazi passion which he inflamed. He has not been able to keep a single one of the other promises he made when he took control.

Rosenberg has shown him how to carry out the one about the subjugation of the Jews in full and in dreadful manner, so that the Chancellor may take a fresh lease of political life.

It is fortunate that the terrible truth can now be made known in time.

A vast and urgent international problem must be confronted immediately and a course of action resolved upon in the name of humanity itself.

The agony of the Jew is all that Hitler can offer after three years of power. He has now on his desk, awaiting signature, a decree to banish all Jews from Germany and to confiscate their property

Make *the family income* Certain

EVERY FAMILY lives on income. While a few people possess private means, the sole income of the vast majority of families in this country is represented by the earnings of the breadwinner. If he dies, the income ceases, and his dependants may be reduced to a pitiful standard of living.

This problem is one which today concerns thousands of men with families absolutely dependent on the incomes they earn. It may concern you!

How is it possible to *make certain* you will leave an income behind you!

A

PRUDENTIAL "Heritage" POLICY

affords security at a comparatively low annual cost

IT PROVIDES, at death within 20 years
£100 immediate cash
£3 a week for the remainder of the 20 years, and
£900 cash when the payments cease.
If death occurs after 20 years,
£1,000 is payable immediately.

● You will want to know more about this.

To THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1

I desire full particulars of your "Heritage" Policy

Date of Birth_____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

_____

J.B. 15.2.36 400

A BLOT *on the* CHURCH

BEAR in mind the figure of £3,350,000 in considering this human and pathetic story.

That enormous amount of money is—according to the latest official return — the annual income of the Ecclesiastical and Church Estates Commissioners.

£3,350,000—a sufficiency of wealth which is used to endow or augment church benefices.

Now turn to the other side in contrast.

There is a man and his wife living in Norwich who are to be ejected from their home into the streets with no refuge to cover their heads because, owing to the hard run of circumstances, they cannot afford to pay a rent of 2s. 1½d a week to their landlords, who are the two Archbishops, the forty diocesan Bishops, the Deans of Canterbury, St. Paul's, and Westminster, and the other high dignitaries of Cabinet and State who form the august body—the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

And the man to suffer in this way is an ex-soldier who has served his country in three reigns and in two wars.

As to the character of the "home" which they are to lose we shall have something to say later.

Infinite trial

Here are the plain, unvarnished facts of this astonishing case which we place before the judgment of the public:

Chief characters in the piece are George Maskell, aged fifty-nine, and his wife, who for the past eight years have existed in a basement room—really it is scarcely more than a cellar, and was once an old store—at No. 3, Stepping Lane, King Street, Norwich. The owners of the property are the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

From the point of view of disposition and demeanour George Maskell is open to criticism. He is apt at times to be truculent and argumentative. He has obvious faults—who has not?

But of this there can be no doubt, he has tried his utmost to earn an honest living, and beyond all that his good wife is a woman of admirable character who has struggled to assist her husband in every possible way.

To her in her time of infinite trial the pity of all women who read this story will be extended.

When he was a youngster in his 'teens, George Maskell joined the Army, enlisting in the Bedfordshire regiment. His first overseas term was in India, from which he returned as an invalid to Netley Hospital.

Shortly after the outbreak of the Boer War, Maskell was sent with a draft to South Africa to a battalion of his regiment. Later he was transferred to a mounted infantry unit.

Returned to civil life, Maskell earned his living as a porter to commercial travellers, and did moderately well.

Next stage is the Great War, when Maskell as an old soldier, then thirty-six years of age, rejoined the Colours. He was not, however, deemed fit for service abroad, although he persistently volunteered for that, and was drafted to a Home Service battalion on the East Coast.

Under the strain of that service, because his health had been undermined by his experience in India and South Africa, Maskell broke down, and eventually he was discharged from further service. He received no pension.

Back in civil life once more, and carrying on again as assistant in taking round the samples of commercial travellers who visited Norwich.

Of course, by virtue of his occupation —working as he was more or less his own master—Maskell did not come under the Unemployment Insurance scheme. He had no benefit or dole on which to fall when bad times arose.

Eight years ago George Maskell married his present wife and made a home for her.

The only place he could secure as his own was the basement room at Stepping Lane, which he obtained through the local agents of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners at a then rental of 2s. a week.

Two years ago that rent was increased by the sum of 1½d. a week because the rates on the premises had been raised. Naturally, it could not be expected that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners would carry the burden of that extra 1½d.

Mr. and Mrs. George Maskell at the entrance of their dreadful tenement, which is five steps below the level of the lane and without ventilation, except when the door is open

As he grew older, Maskell found it increasingly difficult to secure work from commercial travellers. His troubles were added to by fresh illness and a stay in hospital.

Consequently it was necessary for Maskell and his wife to apply for relief to the Public Assistance Committee. The couple were granted for their maintenance the sum of £1 a week, plus 2s. to meet the rent.

It happened that one day Maskell was given a job to lead a horse home from Norwich market, for which he received a few shillings. *And he did not disclose that earning.*

Punishment inevitably followed. Stoppage of out-relief. For a period of several weeks the elderly couple had nothing at all coming in for food or light except the few shillings which Mrs. Maskell managed to earn at casual charing.

Hardly to be wondered at that they fell in arrears with the 2s. 1½d. a week rent.

The last straw

Out-relief was again provided for them, but the arrears of rent were not cleared. The Maskells were, of course, receiving the 2s. allowance for rent, and should have paid it. In that they were wrong, but quite genuinely they found that they could not manage on £1 only. They tried to put the money on one side, but in the end it had to be taken for other pressing necessities.

Result at the end of last year—all out-relief stopped for a second time. Again nothing coming in—nothing at all.

Then the last straw of all. Maskell was served with an ejectment notice on behalf of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

He appeared before the magistrates and the order was confirmed. In due course a warrant will be handed to "the constables of the said city and county to take possession of the said tenement and eject any person therefrom."

What a fate for that old soldier and the wife. He has pleaded with the Public Assistance officials to further help, even if it is only food tickets. The answer was that a ticket would be provided for him to enter the workhouse. If he does that there is a suggestion that out-relief will be granted the wife. That couple will be separated and the home smashed.

Now something as to the "home." In that cellar tenement, owned and let for profit by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, there is a plague of rats.

Great holes can be shown in the mattress which have been made by the rats. Even the blankets have been eaten.

Rotten flooring

Food can only be kept in a box under the bed. There is also another small room, but this is even more unusable. Here the walls are falling and the ceiling is dropping. The flooring is so rotten that Mrs. Maskell, crossing it, fell through and was precipitated into a lower cellar.

The tenement is five steps below the level of the lane. When there is any rain, the water rushes down the slope of the lane and into the living-bedroom.

Yet with all the difficulty and drawback, that hovel of a home is kept clean and tidy by the wife. And she is in despair because she and her husband are to be ejected from it.

All that is left to them as the years lengthen is the workhouse and enforced separation.

If Maskell and his wife are turned out, the "said tenement" will be vacant and no doubt another tenant may be found to pay 2s. 1½d. a week to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for that half-cellar room and those rats.

It is intolerable to think that in this year of grace such a place should be permitted as a habitation.

The Human Machine

Stir Yourself!

LIFE has been described by many writers in many ways. For centuries it has been called a struggle, a fight, a battle.

"Life," said one author, "is not only a struggle for existence for most if not all of us, but a pitched battle for some: and what many are fighting is not an enemy outside the gates, but one inside themselves, insidiously entrenched in the personal home which is every man's private castle and his emotionally guarded sanctum. Put it more simply, and say that we all have two enemies to overcome; our outward circumstances, the external task of earning a living, and our emotional disturbances—call it what you will.

We hear a lot about physical hygiene. It is this, aiming at physical fitness, that helps us to tackle our "outer" fight. We don't take enough heed of the need for mental hygiene to help us to win the "inner" fight.

It's not difficult. There are many ways of fighting this fight, and open attack is rarely the best. To recognise the trouble honestly is the first step.

But so many people suffer because they won't be honest with themselves. They won't admit any blame to themselves. They blame the world for their own shortcomings.

Diagnosis is always the first essential preliminary to treatment and cure. If you are nervy, emotionally unstable, over-sensitive, easily discouraged, be a man and tackle the trouble rationally and in cold blood.

Cultivate your strong points and let your weak ones look after themselves. Concentrate on strengthening your mental powers of resistance and don't waste valuable energy on trying to outwit your nerves.

Leave daydreams alone and get busy with something real. Stop thinking about yourself. That's the quickest of all ways to mental health.

£500 Cheques for Crossword Winners

Two readers share the £1,000 cash prize in JOHN BULL'S great "Diagon" Crossword Competition No. 2. They are:

A. Bean, 126, St. Thomas Road, Gosport, Hants; and

Mrs. C. Burrows, 37, Cleveland View, Ackworth, Yorks.

All the prize-winning news and results will be found on page 45 of this issue.

"Diagon" Crosswords are winning popular favour and enthusiasm everywhere. They are the ideal competition pastime.

Another great prize of 30s. weekly for life and £500, or £1,000 cash, with splendid awards for runners-up, is offered this week on page 44.

The Doctor says

I'm the best advertisement for Fry's Cocoa

Doctors know that half the battle in getting their patients back to health and strength is finding for them a nourishing and easily digested diet. This young mother is making wonderful progress on Fry's Cocoa. She can *feel* its body-building properties doing her good. And she loves its delicious flavour.

FRY'S BREAKFAST COCOA PER ¼ LB. NET WEIGHT 5½d

FREE GIFT COUPONS IN EVERY TIN

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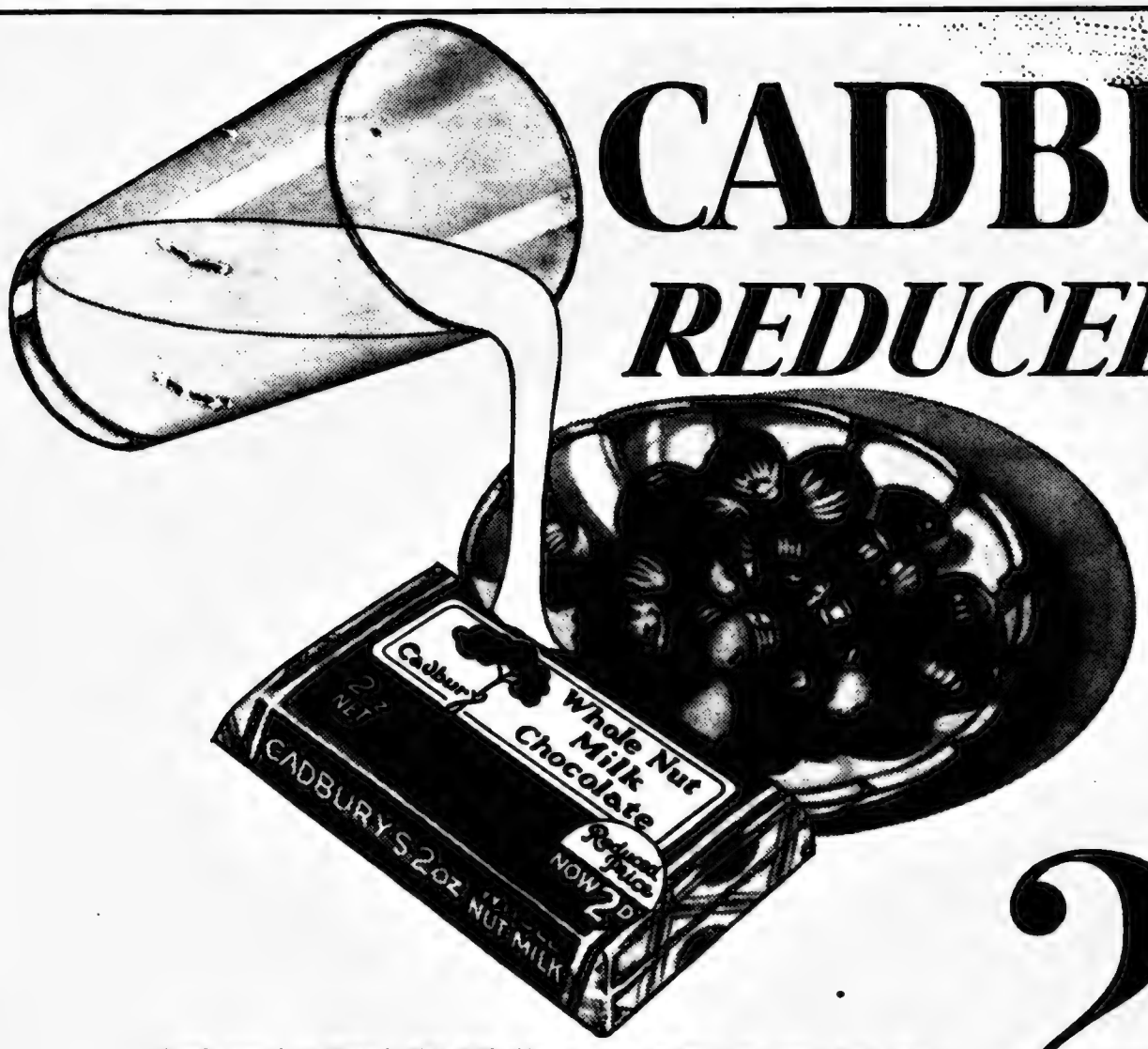

CADBURY'S *REDUCED PRICE* NUT MILK

2oz. 2D

QUALITY UNCHANGED

Good news! Cadbury's Nut Milk Chocolate is reduced in price. You can now buy 2 oz. of this delicious chocolate for 2d. It is a bargain, you'll agree! Of course the quality is unchanged. It is the famous Cadbury's Milk Chocolate with crisp and nutritious Hazelnuts.

The Man with the Silver Tongue . .

Again the Woman Pays!

—by—
SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

THE impudent activities of a well-groomed man of forty-five named Robert Henry Littler afford yet another instance of the ease with which a polished adventurer can masquerade in social circles.

For at least four years Littler has lived in considerable style in the West End of London and, with crested notepaper and a wardrobe which for the most part bears a coronet, lived luxuriously by his wits by posing as the son of a baronet. Sometimes he has even gone further and has posed as the baronet himself.

Far from being a baronet, or even related to one, Littler is actually an impostor who has reduced several women to penury, and in order to satisfy his own mean and mercenary ends has committed bigamy on more than one occasion.

Skilful actor

Although a number of men have been victimised in different ways by him, Littler has made it a habit to dupe impressionable women, to whom he has posed variously as a member of the titled family in question, an engineer, a preacher, a secret service agent, an electrical contractor with important contracts and a journalist.

In all of these poses he has carried out his part with all the bearing and poise of a skilful actor, though he excelled himself always as an ardent lover for whose affections and comradeship several women have succumbed.

At one time he was residing in a flat in London, to all outward appearances as a respectable citizen.

The woman who was living there with him went through a form of marriage with him, little knowing that he was already married, and her grief can be imagined when she discovered how cruelly she had been deceived.

Widow's Response

It says much for Littler's adroitness and skill, and for his art in creating subterfuges to hide his real character, that during most of the time he was playing the rôle of a devoted "husband" to this victim he was actually associating with several other women, whose money he had wrung from them by plausible tales.

He made the acquaintance of one of his dupes through an advertisement in a daily newspaper.

He advertised for an apprentice in electrical engineering, and among those who responded to it was a widow with a young son.

An interview was arranged at an office in London, where Littler, in another name, was running an electrical business.

He soon won the confidence of the widow, and her boy was given a start in the office of the electrical company, where, apparently, he was to become an electrical engineer under Littler's tuition. In return for this post the lad's mother parted with 30 guineas as an initial outlay.

Preacher, too!

As time passed Littler began to play upon the mother's emotions and told her he was a widower and that he was very lonely.

He later revealed that he was the son of a baronet, that his brother was a famous clergyman in whose church he had been privileged to preach, and that he was often called upon to undertake very confidential duties for the British Secret Service.

Littler—impostor of many aliases, whose frauds on women stamp him as a heartless scoundrel

In due course he proposed marriage to her and, with great show, took her to a well-known firm of jewellers and ostentatiously purchased an engagement ring for her, stressing the fact that it must be as near as possible a replica of one of the rings worn by the Princess Royal.

Her diamonds

So deeply had he won confidence that he actually obtained from her two diamonds which were taken from one of her own rings and which he asked the jeweller to have reset in the one he ordered.

A sidelight on his artifice is aptly illustrated in a statement he made as he was leaving the shop: "I shall soon be here again," he said, "for a platinum wedding-ring for this lady!"

Well, further time passed. Then he confided that he was the man who had wired a cathedral with its modern electrical equipment, and that, among other things, he held an important contract to reorganise the lighting of a leading London hotel. He produced documents which seemed to bear out his story, but, as in the case of his tale about the cathedral, they were all sheer fabrication.

Knowing that the widow had money, he now began to borrow from her, gradually increasing his demands. He said that he would be making a large sum out of his hotel and other contracts, and would pay her 6 per cent. interest on her investments at regular intervals.

Before she realised that all his love for her was feigned, she had handed over several hundreds of pounds. By telling her that he intended to make her a "home fit for a queen," he tried to extract further sums from her, but one day found her in a state of great distress.

For she had found out that he had a wife and two children living.

Meanwhile, her son was bitterly complaining that he was learning nothing about the electrical trade, and that there was little to do the office.

Just prior to this the mother had been taken by Littler to his flat in Hanover Square where he pointed out the luxurious surroundings and boastingly asserted that the furniture there had cost him more than £2,000.

He told her that this furniture would soon be with suitable additions moved into their future home.

Following her other discoveries, the woman finally learnt that the £2,000 worth of furniture did not belong to Littler at all, and that the flat was one he rented from its real owner!

The widow very promptly decided to have nothing further to do with him, and demanded the return of her money. She did not get it, but succeeded in obtaining small sums by way of "interest." In the meantime she found that he was "engaged" to another lady, upon whom he had similarly imposed.

Enquiries she instigated about him led to further disclosures, and she went to his office one day to find that the bailiffs were in possession, and that Littler had decamped.

I am sorry to say that the women I have mentioned are not the only dupes of this adventurer. Another of his victims is a woman to whom he likewise proposed, and whom he tricked out of a large sum of money. When he found that she had, like the others, seen through him, he left her to her own resources.

He gave one of his dupes an "engagement" ring, which he said had been modelled by a master jeweller friend of his who had taken prizes at a Paris exhibition, and asked her to take great care of it as it was of immense value.

Actually, he had obtained this ring from another lady whose affections he had won.

His past record is about as bad as it could be. For robbing a woman of her life savings, Littler was sentenced several years ago to a lengthy term of imprisonment.

At his trial a police officer stated that he had already been to jail for false pretences and fraud, and had extracted varying sums of money from women victims.

Since then he has been to jail on several occasions, and one judge, sentencing him, told him that he was an unmitigated rascal.

His effrontery is endless, as can be gauged from the fact that he not long ago delivered a lecture to a distinguished gathering at a West End restaurant.

Callous

Apart from his innumerable "engagements" to women he has robbed or otherwise imposed upon, he has gone through at least three "marriages" which were fully solemnised.

With two deserted "wives" still living, he journeyed as far as Devon to impose upon his last victim.

For his bigamous exploits he has been punished, true; but for the callous frauds he has perpetrated during the past three or four years he has so far escaped the heavy penalties he so thoroughly deserves.

If this article helps to curb his activities and place women on their guard against him its purpose will have been served.

Most people will agree that he has been allowed to pursue his career of fraud and deception far too long.

RELENTLESS TIDE

"TURNED out of house and home." What tragedy there is in those words that one hears all too often.

What a waking nightmare is the picture of a family torn from the sanctuary of its accustomed fireplace—whether from poverty or any other reason—to move its furniture into the chilly desolation of new surroundings.

Not all such painful jobs as ejectment fall to the bailiff, as a Lancashire family has discovered.

* * *

They were turned out of house and home by floods. True, they declined to be moved out by the water, even after it had done many pounds' worth of damage to their furniture.

But the swirling tide had an ally in the refuse it gathered here, there and everywhere and sent oozing up through the floorboards of the downstairs rooms.

Wife, husband and baby made ill by the stench—there was no resisting it then. Soon they were standing amid new surroundings gazing sorrowfully at their damaged furniture and other treasured possessions.

Yet things were not going to turn out as bad as they appeared to be in that black hour—all because they had sent us such a coupon as you will find on page 4 of this issue.

That gave them the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance, and we paid for the damage to their property.

What about you? If you are one of the readers who keep putting off availing themselves of this wonderful protection that costs neither time, trouble nor money, why not turn to page 4 *now*?

Up at 4.30 a.m.—he needs his

Bourn-vitality!

When the alarm clock rings at 4.30 a.m. he's full of Bourn-vitality, that glorious 'alive and alert' feeling that comes from a nightly cup of Bourn-vita. This nourishing food-drink gives him fresh energy and helps him to keep fit in all weathers.

READ HIS WIFE'S LETTER:

'I must say a word about Bourn-vita. If people only knew the value of it they would never be without it. My husband has to get up at 4.30 in the mornings for he is a milkman and as he has a cup of Bourn-vita every night he says he always wakes in the morning feeling fresh and ready for work. He says it is wonderful stuff.' Mrs. E. B.

AND YOU.. Is last night's BOURN-VITA helping you now?

"I was an UNWANTED WIFE"

"MY Bob whom I loved so and who was the father of my two darling children, was losing interest in me. He seldom stayed in evenings, and when he was at home he was cross and irritable with me. Then one evening I learned about—the other woman. I thought my heart would break, and when my sister Louise came to visit us, I told her all my troubles. She gave me wonderful advice. "Motherhood and housework have simply played havoc with your face, Bess," she said. "No man likes to come home to a wrinkled, old, tired-looking wife. But do not lose heart, for I know a quick and easy way to get rid of those wrinkles and have once again the clear, fresh, youthful skin that made you so fascinating a bride." She then told me her secret which was to use Tokalon Biocel Skinfood every night. I tried it and I was amazed at the change it made in my skin at once. In a few weeks all of my wrinkles disappeared and I looked like a young girl again. Now my Bob says he is in love with me more than ever before." The secret of Tokalon Biocel Skinfood is that it contains the natural youth-giving substance, called biocel, which is found in every skin. When the skin loses its natural biocel wrinkles form; when biocel is restored wrinkles disappear. Biocel is now extracted from young animals according to the formula of Prof. Dr. Karl Stejskal of the University of Vienna and contained in Tokalon Biocel Skinfood. By using it every night any woman can quickly get rid of wrinkles, rejuvenate an aged and faded skin and look 10 to 20 years younger. Successful results are guaranteed or money refunded.

At week-ends

A man can't *help* feeling glad at the week-end. Home to dinner on Saturday, with a quiet afternoon—and (the final luxury) a case of Whiffs. Wills's Whiffs—quite mild and exceptionally cool.

WILLS'S WHIFFS

HAVANA FLAVOUR AT REASONABLE PRICES

3 for 6° 6 for 1/- 12 for 2/-

W.W.16.

STRICTLY ANONYMOUS . .

Confessions of a Step-mother

Most men and women have some secret chapter in their lives that they have been afraid to reveal to any living soul.

Yet they feel that the mere telling of it would relieve their heart of a burden.

We invite readers to send in for publication at our usual rates their secret personal story. It will, of course, be "Strictly Anonymous" . . .

I WAS myself a step-daughter; but I was lucky in my step-mother. She was not only kind and wise, but clever and beautiful. I admired her immensely.

Apart from a few quarrels, such as occur in all families, we got on together most affectionately from the day my father brought her home, two years after my mother's death, when I was nine and my brother eleven, to the time I married.

I am very grateful to her when I look back and realise, so much more clearly than I could at the time, how good she was to me, another woman's child.

I understand it better because I, too, married a widower and became a step-mother, and I have failed where she succeeded. I love my husband, and I do not deny that his two little girls, aged eight and six, are nice children. But I cannot love them, and, after five years, having no children of my own, I am terrified to find that I am in danger of hating them.

I do not believe a woman could have a more dreadful confession to make.

☆ ★ ☆

When I told my step-mother, seven years ago, that J—— had asked me to marry him and I had consented, I was astonished and resentful at the urgency with which she advised me not to do it.

"But you did the same thing!" I protested.

"Yes," she said. "But I would not dare to run the same risk again! Don't," she begged me, "whatever you do, take on the task of mothering another woman's children!"

But I disregarded her advice. I loved J—— very much, and thought that was all that mattered. Now I understand what she meant.

They are nice children, *but they are not mine*! I am a good mother, *but I am not theirs*! I cannot love them and they cannot love me.

J——, I and the children are like a broken triangle. They are one with him, but between them and me the absence of the blood-link keeps us strangers

That is why I look back now almost with awe at the goodness of my own step-mother. For no woman can avoid that feeling of alienation from another woman's children for whom she has to exercise maternal duties.

I can see now that my step-mother, though she tried hard to love us as a mother would, could not ever quite do it. In her early years with us, while yet we remembered our own mother, we were cold and unresponsive to her, receiving her advances with suspicion.

I can remember, now, with a pang, her hurt and disappointed face when she looked for a warm response to her sweetness with us, and had seen nothing but thoughtless indifference. I have seen the same thing in my own step-children.

☆ ★ ☆

Between mothers and their children there is an instinctive understanding, a sense of belonging. It is the blood-link that understands and gives them a mystical accord, making her authority and their obedience natural and easy.

Its absence is the eternal tragedy of the step-mother. It keeps open an impassable gulf between her and the children.

The fine thing my step-mother did was to refuse to blame us for it, to refuse to give up the effort for the next best thing—our affection—and, having gained it, as she did, to be content with it and keep it as warmly near to filial love as she could. Even when her own children came, she hid from us, as far as was humanly possible, her natural preference for them.

Another thing I realise now, and did not then, is that we were the only causes of the quarrels between her and my father. They were often violent quarrels. I believe now they nearly wrecked the marriage.

They usually arose out of his intervention on our side when she had put some duty upon us that we resented, or when we had done something wrong. For she was never indulgent of naughtiness, as a real mother is.

That was one of her few mistakes. It is a parent's—and particularly a mother's—privilege to be indulgent of her children's misdoings, to reprove with gentleness and readily forgive.

The certainty that a child has of finding indulgence and forgiveness in its mother's arms is one of the things that make childhood so beautiful. But the indulgence is involuntary, instinctive. A step-mother cannot create it in herself. So mine was apt to be stern with us, and my father would spring to our defence: there would be argument, tears, and wounding words.

☆ ★ ☆

Through having been a step-child myself, I was forewarned against her mistake. When my step-children do anything which I think demands punishment, I call their father's attention to it and leave him to deal with it.

But there is no escape for me there. J—— thinks I am deliberately pushing his children's imperfections before him and at the same time forcing him to act towards them in a way that will diminish their love for him. So we quarrel just as my father and my step-mother did, and every quarrel increases my bitterness against the children.

An even more sinister tragedy of the step-mother is her constant realisation that, in the children, she is keeping alive in the home that should be hers, that other woman, the wife before her.

The children will not let the past go! In their eyes and voices and manners the dead rises again to haunt her home and remind her husband and herself that once he loved another woman—that she herself was not "the first"!

She will know why he sometimes pauses in what he is doing or saying to stare at an attitude of his son or an expression on his daughter's face. He has seen the apparition! It is gall to her. My step-mother, I know, went through all that and conquered it, never visiting on us her pain or our shortcomings.

But I cannot! I am jealous of his children.

What do *I* get out of this marriage, I ask myself. J—— has gained a wife to keep his home and look after his children, they have gained escape from orphanhood—someone to feed and clothe and serve them; and to give all that is my rôle, the chief reason why I am with them. The upkeep and education of the children will keep us poor for years.

Sometimes, when I brood upon the trap I am in, I have to restrain myself from putting fierce thoughts about them into cruel action.

I try, desperately, not to believe the infinite separation between their natures and mine, how their reactions contradict my own, and how the very feel of them cries at me—"Stranger! Stranger!" But I am not as good and brave a woman as my step-mother was. Besides, she had children of her own.

Step-mothers are often abused as harsh and vindictive women, fiends in human shape. Well, here is one who has revealed her heart

"He thinks I am deliberately pushing his children's imperfections before him, forcing him to act towards them in a way that will diminish their love for him"

GAMBLING SINS

Behind the Locked Doors at Mayfair's Monte

F all the sins for which Charity has served as a convenient cloak, those perpetrated at Society gaming parties must surely hold first place.

ndeed, this has been brought ne forcibly to the public in the ent sensational £10,000 lawsuit which one participant alleged t he had been cheated by fellow-sts at one of these functions.

lo imputation could be made inst the promoters personally, l the Judge stopped the case, narking that though the plaintiff pected cheating in the early ges, he continued to go on playing liberately.

t was also alleged that people of reputation were admitted, but Justice Finlay held that there no evidence that proper precau-ns had not been taken.

One of the risks and evils of h parties," he declared, in giving gment for the defendant, "was t there was a strong probability t highly undesirable persons uld obtain admission. Everyone o went to such parties must know that risk."

Ie also voiced the hope that no utable charity would ever resort so questionable a method of rais-money as the organisation of nbling parties.

'his may have created a wrong pression, for it is not the chari-that organise such schemes.

'hey may be sponsored on the hand by well-meaning, but mis-ded, folk, who genuinely hope to se something that they can hand r to charity; or they may be creetly organised by promoters o simply exploit the name of ne famous charity as a cloak for ir gambling parties.

Death-knell?

As sharks and sharpers are liable assemble at both classes of thering, there is really little to oose between the risks run at her of them.

Whether the case just closed will nd their death-knell remains to seen. There can be no question at they should be suppressed. An dependent investigation which N BULL has made proves conclu-ely that they are open to abuses the worst kind.

A truly amazing case, of which public has so far heard noth-, arose not long ago during a thering at the home of a titled stess in Mayfair.

Among those who attended was a n of some prominence, to whom will be best to refer as Mr. X.

One large room was set aside for ay, and there was a buffet and cktail bar for the refreshment of guests.

Chemin-de-fer was indulged in, croupier for the evening being London clubman who frequently s in a similar capacity.

Neither the titled hostess nor distinguished people associated th her in organising the evening's usement took any part in the y.

High stakes

They simply moved around among guests, seeing to their comfort supervising the exchequer, where mbling "chips" were changed ainst ready money or cheques.

Play at the table was fairly high. . X had brought £100 with him notes, and he very soon lost it. en he borrowed a further £50 m the "House" in "chips."

Luck changed for Mr. X as the me progressed. He was able to ay his borrowed £50, and before decided that it was early enough in the morning to stop he had won £171.

So he cashed in his "chips" and received a cheque for his winnings from one of the organisers, noting that other winners were likewise being paid by cheque.

Throughout the night, as is customary, the table had kept back a percentage, totalling £200, to cover expenses and to allow for any donation to charity.

When, in due course, Mr. X paid in his cheque for winnings he was astonished to find that it had been stopped.

He at once interviewed the drawer and was told that losers at the gaming party had not faced their honourable obligations, so that it was not possible at present to satisfy winners in full.

So instead of receiving the £171, he had to be content with two separate cash payments totalling £46.

Old plea

Thus the position was as follows: He had paid out £100 in notes, which had been lost, and against which he had received only £46 of his winnings.

He was therefore £54 out of pocket when he should actually have been £71 in hand.

Feeling that he had a legitimate grievance, he consulted solicitors, but the resultant correspondence brought little satisfaction.

The gaming party organisers still held, through their solicitors, that they had been let down by defaulting guests—in other words, they resorted to the hoary old plea of the defaulting bookmaker!

One very active promoter of society gambling parties is a man-about-town of independent means.

In acquiring the second and third floors of palatial premises in the West End for use as a gaming house, he cleverly hoodwinked the estate agents into believing that it was for residential purposes only.

He furnished the apartments magnificently, covered the walls with glittering mirrors and hung the windows with costly draperies.

Strange activity

One room was transformed into a bar and stocked with the most expensive wines, while two salons were provided for gaming on a grand scale.

Round about midnight this transformed flat became a scene of strange activity. Men, obviously of good position, and women clad in the most fashionable evening gowns, would arrive in luxurious cars to be ushered up to this nocturnal hive of mystery.

Most of them would remain till the early hours of the morning, and their number invariably included people of title, stage celebrities and prominent business men.

Roulette and chemin-de-fer were the favoured games; stakes ran high and huge sums would change hands, thousands of pounds sometimes being raked in by the promoters in a single night's play.

Though this haunt has now closed down, many similar resorts are to be found throughout the West End.

In one select Mayfair street there is an old Georgian house which is regularly used for gaming. It is kept by a man who has acted as "host" at a number of luxurious night clubs. He now runs his gaming functions on a most lavish scale and his guests include many people of title and distinction. Liveried footmen receive them on their arrival and escort them to the rooms where play is in progress behind heavily curtained windows. Presiding over the refreshment buffet is a venerable butler, who would not be out of place in a ducal mansion.

He and the footman, unknown to the guests, act in a dual capacity as detectives as well as servants. They are paid handsomely to keep a watchful eye upon all who arrive in order to guard against the possibility of a police raid.

The actual gaming—roulette, baccarat and chemin-de-fer—goes on behind doors that are kept carefully barred and locked.

When a footman hands over new arrivals to the butler, the latter asks which particular game is desired; and once the guest has been ushered into the appropriate room the doors are immediately locked again.

Champagne and cocktails are dispensed without charge and everything possible is done to make the clients feel that they are guests at a private function.

All types are to be found mingling round the tables. One frequenter of this resort is the wife of a peer who has been involved in several unsavoury scandals.

For years she has figured in gaming parties, where she throws her money away with reckless abandon. In one night's play not long ago she lost nearly £600!

Another regular patron of this salon is a frail woman of seventy, who, though well-to-do, has become completely obsessed with a frantic desire to win.

During the past two years she is reputed to have squandered something like £30,000 at various gaming houses, and once, when her money was exhausted, she staked all her diamonds!

One of the most profitable gaming dens in London has a nightly turnover often in the neighbourhood of £3,000, and suitable patrons are recruited from fashionable hotels and restaurants by agents who are well rewarded for their services.

Female decoys are used as well as men for this purpose, and as an illustration of their methods we may cite the case of the widow who was on a holiday from Australia.

Meeting the decoy in the lounge of

Absorbed in play, the society gamblers take little heed of their fellow-guests, in whose ranks some of London's worst sharks are often to be found

NS of SOCIETY

ocked Doors Monte Carlos

her hotel she was induced to accept an invitation for a little "game" at a "select club" near Old Bond Street.

A car picked her up at eleven-thirty and drove her to the establishment, where she was ushered into the roulette-room on payment of a guinea. She left a sadder and wiser woman, having lost heavily.

The next morning at her hotel, which she reached at 6 a.m., came the realisation that she had handed out three cheques for nearly £200 in all. She remembered signing the first, but, having been plied with drink throughout the night, she could not recall making out the others, or what had happened towards the end of the "play."

This club has come under police observation on several occasions, and at least one of the men concerned in its management has been in jail for the unsavoury charge of blackmail.

One of Mayfair's notorious gaming "hosts" is an alien, who came to this country some years ago from America.

He followed a professional calling before turning his attention to gambling parties.

He does not favour roulette; poker, bridge or chemin-de-fer are his stock-in-trade.

His guests are selected carefully from lists of people known to be society gamblers, and whose names are easily obtainable from certain sources in the West End.

He charges a fixed fee for admission to one or another of the establishments in which he is interested. He never plays himself, but stipulates that clients must pay him 10 per cent. of any winnings, whatever their losses.

At one party he took £2,340 as his share of the profits, one of his guests, a City solicitor, losing more than £600 in two hours. A wealthy widow, who had never played chemin-de-fer before, had been relieved of £250 before she left at four in the morning.

Individual losses incurred by other guests ranged from £30 to £70.

A woman, lured by an agent to one of this alien's parties, found, at the dawn, that she was many hundreds of pounds the poorer.

She paid by cheque, but was able to stop it when wisdom returned to her later in the day. Convinced that she had been cheated, she offered a proportion in settlement in an effort to extricate herself from her predicament.

It is not to be wondered at that crooks are attracted to these gaming parties where money flows literally like water.

Some time back, when questions were being raised in the House of Commons concerning the problem, it was stated that as much as £80,000 had been known to change hands during a night's gambling.

It was admitted that the Metropolitan Police Commissioner was well aware of one large gathering at which gambling took place, and at which the guests were freely supplied with intoxicating drinks, each person paying an admission fee of 30s.

But nothing could be done, apparently, as the police had no evidence that offences were committed against the gaming or licensing laws.

More than one Member pressed for an explanation as to how it was the authorities were not informed as to circumstances which were quite well known.

But they were put off with the assurance that if necessary evidence arose the question of starting proceedings would be considered.

Lavish come-back

Well, that was more than a year ago, yet nothing appears to have been done to end the evil.

Now, arising out of the recent £10,000 charity gaming case, further questions have been raised in the House. But the same stock reply has been given: "The Commissioner of Police will not hesitate to prosecute in any case where the necessary evidence is forthcoming to prove offences against the law."

Many people will find it difficult to believe that it is impossible for any official evidence to be obtained—especially in view of the detailed facts we have been able to present in this article.

It is a significant fact that, following the discussion in Parliament, several organisers deemed it discreet to close down operations; but most of them only laid low for a time and gradually resumed their activities as ardently as ever.

In one instance a hostess who cancelled her usual arrangements for nearly a year, staged a "come back" on a most lavish scale in a luxury flat near Park Lane.

Her party, which continued till the dawn, was most carefully organised. Admission was by privately issued tickets, for which no actual charge was made.

Guests were subjected to close scrutiny on their arrival, and their full names and addresses duly entered in a register.

But before being allowed to enter the gambling salons they were intercepted by stewards with collecting boxes, who demanded a contribution of £1 to charity.

£10 minimum

Women predominated at this gathering, and the hostess had converted her boudoir into a baccarat room, where £10 was the minimum amount risked on the turn of a card.

Higher stakes prevailed at tables in other parts of the flat, and some idea of the money changing hands throughout the night may be gauged from the fact that two men were kept working at high pressure behind a roll-top desk cashing cheques for those whose ready money was exhausted, but who were so much in the grip of gambling fever that they could not call a halt.

In the midst of all this feverish excitement the Charity aspect of the function was kept well before the guests. The compulsory entrance levy of £1 carried no more privileges than actual admittance.

Other collecting-boxes were posted conspicuously in an improvised bar and buffet that had been set up in the hall.

Thus when guests retired from the tables for refreshment they found themselves confronted by a notice indicating that a generous contribution to charity would be appreciated, as it was not permissible to make any charge for drinks.

But play was continuous, for whenever guests paused for refreshment others were waiting to take their places. One pathetic figure was a woman of advanced years who started the evening with a thick wad of Bank of England notes.

Dummy hosts

Soon she was changing these every few minutes for fresh supplies of counters, which she dissipated in handfuls. Her luck seemed completely out, and her losses during the evening must have been very high indeed.

Most of the croupiers were men and they were kept working at high tension. Altogether the gathering presented a truly remarkable spectacle.

Apart from the ordinary charity gaming parties and deliberately arranged functions, run solely for profit, dummy hosts are frequently paid by professional promoters to stage gatherings ostensibly to aid charitable institutions.

Though the cloak may be of the thinnest, the sharks behind the scenes have nothing to fear so long as they are content to relinquish some trifling fraction of their gains to the cause for which their parties are supposedly run.

They can only be proceeded against if it can be proved that they are using one establishment habitually for gaming, and, naturally, they are wise enough to flit from address to address to circumvent the law.

Not so very long ago a so-called "charity bridge party" was held at a house in Kensington. In this case "bridge" was a code word for "roulette." The party was well attended by titled men and women and a peer with a good name but no money acted as croupier.

Crooks' delight

The utmost secrecy was maintained, and the guests were all selected very carefully in order to keep any word of the function from reaching the police.

A fee of two guineas was charged for admission, and as there were at one period more than 300 people present, the initial takings, it will be seen, were quite handsome.

But stakes were high also. As much as £200 was staked individually on the roulette tables, much to the satisfaction of the crooks who mingled with the distinguished guests.

By morning the bank had netted £4,000, most of which went into the coffers of the promoters.

The difficulties facing the police in combating the professional "charity gaming" promoters are manifold. As we have shown, the organisation is perfect, and invitations are only handed out a day or so before the dates fixed for the parties.

The need for a special drive against them is evident, and it is to be hoped that now that public attention has been focused upon the evil no efforts will be spared to stamp it out completely.

SAM! YOUR GOOD SHIRT!
YOU MIGHT HAVE CHANGED- THAT GREASE IS FRIGHTFUL TO WASH OUT
DOES YOUR HUSBAND CLEAN THE CAR IN HIS GOOD SHIRTS?
YES, MEN NEVER THINK -BUT YOU TRY WASHING IT IN OXYDOL
FANCY, OXYDOL HAS GOT THAT OILY SHIRT AS CLEAN AS CLEAN CAN BE
YOURE RIGHT ABOUT OXYDOL AND ITS LATHER, MY WHOLE WASH IS MILES WHITER AND IT WAS EVER SO EASY

OXYDOL is a most wonderful washing discovery. Its *extra rich* lather penetrates the fabric *more thoroughly* and draws out every particle of grease and dirt. Whites come out *white*—brilliantly white—colours brighter and fresher. Get better washing by using Oxydol! Big 3½d. packet and new giant 6d. size.

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Beginning

"My True Story"

by Famous Authors

who, in this remarkable new series, describe specially for "John Bull" the most thrilling and dramatic chapter in their own lives.

The dramatic moment which, the author learnt later, saved his life. . . He was able to board an early plane in place of the too-heavy man

Death Stays his Hand

THIS is a true story, about something which never happened. And if that sounds like a paradox, you will understand it when you come to the end.

And the first word in it is Panic. A quite unreasoning, futile, clammy panic which suddenly seized me, in a great air-liner called "The City of Liverpool," serenely sailing over the fields of Kent.

I felt that we were going to crash.

I clutched the edge of the little seat. I plugged the cotton-wool more firmly into my ears. I gritted my teeth and forced myself to stare down at the green country far below. One glimpse at the roads, like ribbons, the cows, like insects, and the few patches of cloud that drifted between . . . and I was almost sick. I shut my eyes.

"This is contemptible," I said to myself. "I've often flown before. I've looped the loop, and liked it, and stunted in bad weather, and cried out for more. And here I am going on like a skunk. I deserve to crash."

And at that moment the machine hit an "air-pocket," and did a fierce wobble. Hardly had she righted herself before my panic had gone, as suddenly as it had come, leaving me utterly mystified.

For the first time in my life I had known violent, overwhelming physical fear. I didn't understand it.

Two days later, I wondered if there might not be a very good explanation. However, that is anticipating.

★

I was flying over to Belgium to see some unfortunate men who had been imprisoned for conscientious objection to military service. At the time of my visit I was writing a book of propaganda, in favour of peace, called "Cry Havoc."

I wanted to include in it a chapter which would show some of the tortures which really convinced pacifists would suffer in defence of their cause.

So I pulled strings, and still more strings, and I got in touch with the lawyer who was defending them, and I communicated with the préfet de police, and after some months of arduous effort I was informed that if I came to Belgium I would at least be allowed to see them.

So here I was, in the air, flying to the rescue.

As soon as the wild moment of panic was over, I leant back in the seat, stared down on to the clouds, and began to think. An aeroplane is a bad place for reading, but it is a grand place in which to make up plots. And gradually the idea for a short story formed itself in my mind.

It was an obvious enough story, concerning a mixed crew of passengers who were travelling in an aeroplane, when they were caught in a storm.

There was a drunkard, a cocotte, a dishonest business man, a venal journalist, and an absconding solicitor.

The storm was dark about them. The lightning was hideously near. The 'plane pitched and tossed. It was touch and go. And all these people suddenly realised their lives of sin, and began to repent.

"Oh God," muttered the drunkard, "let me but land safely and I will never touch a drink again."

"I will be good, I will be good," prayed the cocotte. "No more men . . . if you will only save me this once . . . no more men!"

The dishonest business man vowed that he would put a 'phone call through to London, and cancel a deal he had made which would involve the ruin of hundreds of people.

★

The journalist swore to tell the truth, the solicitor made up his mind to take the first 'plane back and face the music.

Well, they rode the storm. Over France there was fair weather and clear skies.

And they landed.

"My God . . . I'm for a double brandy," barked the drunkard as he got out. "Where's the bar?"

The cocotte looked over her shoulder at the business man. "It has been a terrible crossing," she said faintly. A moment later she was murmuring, "Well . . . a glass of champagne would be a help, wouldn't it?" And before they left the aerodrome she had booked him for dinner.

The journalist watched them. "Those two will make a good paragraph," he said to himself. "The beautiful Miss X and the famous millionaire."

And the absconding solicitor got into another 'plane, bound for Athens, where the extradition laws are kind.

A cynical little story. Rather a nasty story, now I come to think of it. But still, it filled in the time. And, as you may see when you come to the end, it was not so irrevelant as it may seem.

★

We got to Brussels in time for lunch, and in the afternoon I set off to see the lawyer who was dealing with the case for me.

To my disgust, he had been called out

(*Continued on page 28*)

Dictatorship?

Be your own Dictator of what you eat or drink—if you have any difficulty in obtaining SANDEMAN Port or Sherry insist on it as a free member of a free community. Don't be dictated to!

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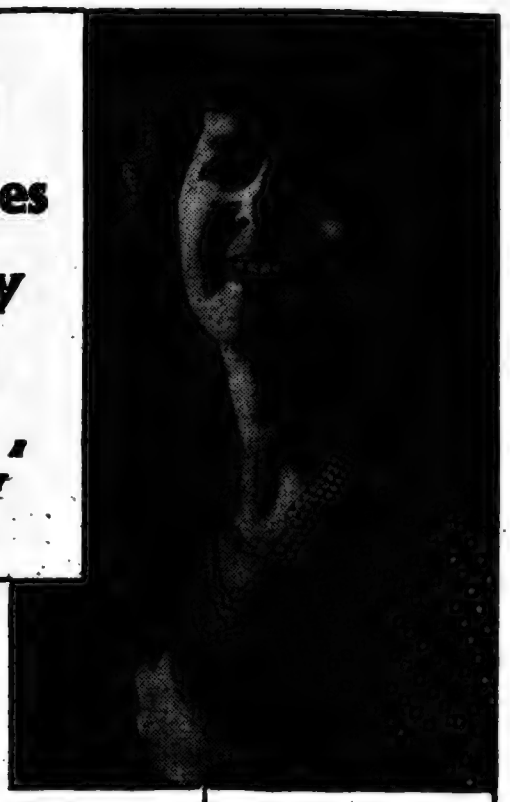

SAYS

LADY MURIEL

BECKWITH

Lady Muriel is a great enthusiast for good cooking. The recipes given in these articles are her own invention, and many have been used in her own home for years.

Steamed puddings are splendid for everybody in cold weather. Give your family plenty of them. How easy it is to say that! But in reality, both you and I know that men and children are not always so ready to eat what's good for them!

I must say, in this case, I've got a certain amount of sympathy with their objections. When a steamed pudding, however nice, appears at lunch or dinner with a pale, pasty, tasteless white sauce, I don't much want to eat it myself.

But how different I feel when it's accompanied by a bowl of hot, freshly made Birds Custard! Why, its very fragrance is appetising. The flavour is really delicious, and the smooth creaminess is just what substantial puddings need to take away their dryness.

I really can't imagine why any housewife ever troubles to serve any other kind of hot sauce but Birds. There's nothing so quick and easy to make.

And another thing. I don't know if you realise it, but Birds is no ordinary custard. Combined with the sugar and milk, it's a splendid energy-forming food—light, digestible, and a really valuable addition to winter diet.

By the way, I see Yorkshire Forced Rhubarb is in, and there's nothing more delicious with Birds Custard.

Now, may I give you a recipe of my own for a special hot Birds Custard sauce? It's quite simple to make, and very, very good. Here it is ....

Lady Muriel's own recipe for

HOT SAUCE

Take two measures or one pint packet of Birds Custard. Mix together with ½ teaspoonful of ground ginger—and make exactly according to the directions on the packet, but adding a small knob of butter to the milk when you boil it. Serve it freshly made—and steaming hot.

HAVE YOU SENT FOR YOUR PRESENT?

Birds are giving away quite free a delightful box of their delicious Blancmange—enough for three full pints, in three flavours. I needn't tell you how delicious it is—it's Birds! All you have to do is to send your address and part of an empty packet of Birds Custard to Birds, Dept. J.27, Thames House, Millbank, London.

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. . . is smoother . . . has more nourishment!

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You get most Food-Value in

SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS.
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Keeping six on £3·8·0 a week

A woman has to know how to get the most good out of every meal

Mr. Millar works very long hours. "I always have a cup of cocoa before I go out in the morning and when I get back," he says. "It keeps me going and prevents me getting colds."

"That's why I give my family Rowntree's Cocoa"

says Mrs. MILLAR, of Newcastle

"COUNTING my two eldest boys' wages," says Mrs. Millar, "I get £3.8.0 a week to keep the family on. Of course, it's easier with the two boys' earning. But all I can spare for food is 35/- a week, and to keep us all well-nourished I find I've got to know almost as much about food as a doctor. I always buy Rowntree's Cocoa because I know it helps to get more good out of food than other kinds and it's easier to digest, too."

You're quite right, Mrs. Millar. Rowntree's Cocoa *does* help your family to get more good out of every meal. That's because Rowntree's is made by a special process of pre-digestion. It's easier to digest than other cocoas. What is more, it also helps digest other foods as no other cocoa can. *It even makes milk three times as digestible!* With Rowntree's Cocoa, you get more goodness from everything you eat. Remember these vital facts next time you buy cocoa — ask for Rowntree's.

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Continuing

DEATH STAYS HIS HAND

of town. "No," said the young clerk, "there would be no chance of reaching the prisoners without his help."

"Then I must wait till to-morrow?"

"I regret it . . . but, yes."

And so I spent the rest of the day in a state of acute boredom. In and out of cafés, reading in my hotel, back to the cafés.

In the morning I was up betimes. I had only one day in which to do a great deal of work, and so I went to the lawyer's at once.

And as soon as I got there the whole of my little plan came crashing to the ground like a pack of cards. The authorities had suddenly changed their minds and had issued an order that in no circumstances was I to be allowed to see the prisoners.

"But you said it was all arranged . . ."

"It was. But something has happened."

"What *can* have happened?"

He looked at me shrewdly. He was a kindly man with a face which looked benevolent in spite of a fiercely upturned moustache. "Have you been saying indiscreet things about armament makers?"

"Well . . . perhaps. . . ."

"Have you visited munition factories, and published adverse reports about them?"

"Yes, but——"

"The armament firms have long arms and thousands of eyes," he said.

"You don't mean to say that they've had anything to do with this?"

★

He shrugged his shoulders. "You are their enemy, because you are working for peace. These young men are also their enemies, because they are working for peace, too. Some of them are indeed dying for peace."

"But . . . damn it all . . . there must be some way. I *must* help these chaps. They are waiting for me. It's monstrous. Can't I bribe anybody, for instance?"

"Is your purse longer than the purse of the men who grow fat from war?"

And then I realised that it was hopeless. There was nothing to be done. Feeling tired and disconsolate, I bade him good-morning.

I looked at my watch. It was half-past eleven. "I'll just be able to catch the 'plane that leaves at noon . . . the one I ought to have caught to-morrow."

I jumped into a taxi and sped back to the hotel. "Get on to the air station," I cried to the old concierge. "I want to change my ticket from to-morrow to to-day."

A brief moment to pack my things into a bag and I was downstairs again. He was still telephoning.

"Monsieur has his ticket?"

"Yes, yes, for to-morrow. But I want to go to-day."

Gabble, gabble, over the telephone.

"How much luggage? How much does monsieur weigh? The 'plane is very full. He must take a risk."

"I'll take the risk," I shouted.

I was speaking more truly than I knew. As we hurtled over the cobbled streets out of Brussels, another short story flickered through my brain. It was about a man who was catching an aeroplane.

Everything depended on whether the man in front of him was very fat or very thin. If he was very fat, he wouldn't be able to go, because the 'plane was loaded almost to capacity.

If he was very thin, it would be all right. And as his car darted through the streets he kept on looking out of the window to see if there were any fat man, with luggage, going in the same direction as he was.

"The 'City of Liverpool' crashes in flames." A host of pictures danced across my brain

We reached the landing field. In the distance I could see the plane, standing with her propellors whirring. Her doors were open, and a little stream of passengers was walking towards her.

I jumped out of the taxi, seized my bag and ran to the office. The last passenger was being weighed. My heart sank. He was one of the fattest men I have ever seen. Fatty Arbuckle was a sylph compared with him.

It was a question of pounds, they had told me, because the plane was full, and there was a lot of luggage.

The fat man stepped off and hurried out.

"C'est inutile?" I asked.

"Après le gros?" The attendant caught my meaning and smiled. "Nous verrons."

I stepped on the machine. If I had weighed ten stone ten, I should have had to return to Brussels. I weighed ten stone seven. It was all right. I could go. I ran across the field and up the little gangway. The door slammed, and within ten seconds we were away.

★

And now, of course, I ought to be able to tell you that the plane crashed in flames, and that somehow I had a miraculous escape.

At least, you will feel, I ought to be able to describe how we ran into a storm, and only escaped by a miracle, and how I found that the man next to me was an armament maker, and how I persuaded him, when the storm was at its height, to repent and to turn his armament shares into plough shares.

However, I regret that nothing like that happened. We had a very tranquil and a very boring trip. The sky was cloudless. There was no wind. The plane functioned perfectly, and we arrived exactly on time.

Nor is the last part of this story concerned with storm or thunder or sudden conversion.

It is laid in the tranquil atmosphere of the Garrick Club, on the next day.

It was about six o'clock and I had dropped into the club feeling dead tired and wondering if I had a touch of 'flu. I strolled into the sitting room. There was nobody there.

I sank into a chair and rang the bell. A waiter appeared.

"Bring me a whisky-and-soda and an evening newspaper, please."

He departed. I stared into the fire.

The waiter returned with the drink and the paper, and left them by my side. I continued to stare into the fire.

And suddenly I began to shiver. Not an ordinary sort of shiver, but a violent succession of shudders that shook my legs and arms. And in my head was a horrible sensation of falling, falling. . . .

"What the devil . . . ." I muttered.

I drank the whisky at a gulp. That was better. But obviously I *had* got a touch of the 'flu. Better get home and go to bed early. I'd just see if there was anything in the news first.

I lifted the newspaper. And there on the front page I read:

TERRIBLE AIR DISASTER OVER BELGIUM

THIRTEEN PEOPLE BURNED ALIVE

"CITY OF LIVERPOOL" CRASHES IN FLAMES

Very slowly I reached towards my vest pocket. I was wearing the same suit in which I had travelled from Belgium the day before.

It seemed an age before I found the ticket for which I was searching, and while my fingers were drawing it out a whole host of pictures danced across my brain.

★

The picture of my own face, strained with that strange panic in the plane on the way over, the picture of the Brussels streets, dusty and depressing, the picture of the fat man at the aerodrome, standing there on the weighing machine . . . .

At last I found the ticket. I jerked it up to my eyes. I saw on it the words "City of Liverpool." And the next thing I remember is the face of the waiter bending over me and saying: "You'd better have a brandy, sir, that's what you want, a good brandy, straight away."

A silly story, I expect you will say, even though it happens to be true. I'm not the fainting sort really. And as for superstition . . . . well, I've always considered it to be the last refuge of the fool, who says in his heart, "there is no God."

However, as I think I mentioned before, I was sickening for the 'flu.

CATARRH, COUGHS, COLDS CURED BY HOME-MADE MEDICINE

Before you let that catarrhal infection get too deep a hold, try this simple medicine. It is approved by the highest medical authorities and it's easy to make up, but it stops distressing head noises and catarrhal deafness almost at once—and it puts a speedy end to coughs, colds, and sore throats.

Get from any chemist a one ounce bottle of Parmint (Double Strength), mix it with half a pint of hot water and 4 ozs. of sugar, honey, or golden syrup. The Parmint is just 100 per cent. concentrated medicament, and this syrup is so good that a spoonful will bring relief in the most stubborn cases. Many people get fine results by taking half a teaspoonful of the neat Parmint in a little water.

It soothes the inflamed membranes and clears the stopped-up passages of nose and throat like magic. It is particularly good for children because they like its pleasant taste, but it's just as effective and successful for adults with coughs, colds, catarrh and any bronchial trouble.

Really you should try this Parmint recipe at once. There is nothing like it. (Advt.)

"I use Pepsodent tooth paste – do you?"

Every day—twice a day, I use PEPSODENT—the creamy soft tooth paste that keeps my teeth white and sparkling.

My dentist told me that even naturally white teeth soon become dull with Film if it is not removed regularly. Film is always forming, it absorbs stains which spoil good-looking teeth. Now I remove Film that's all I need worry about. I know my teeth are safe.

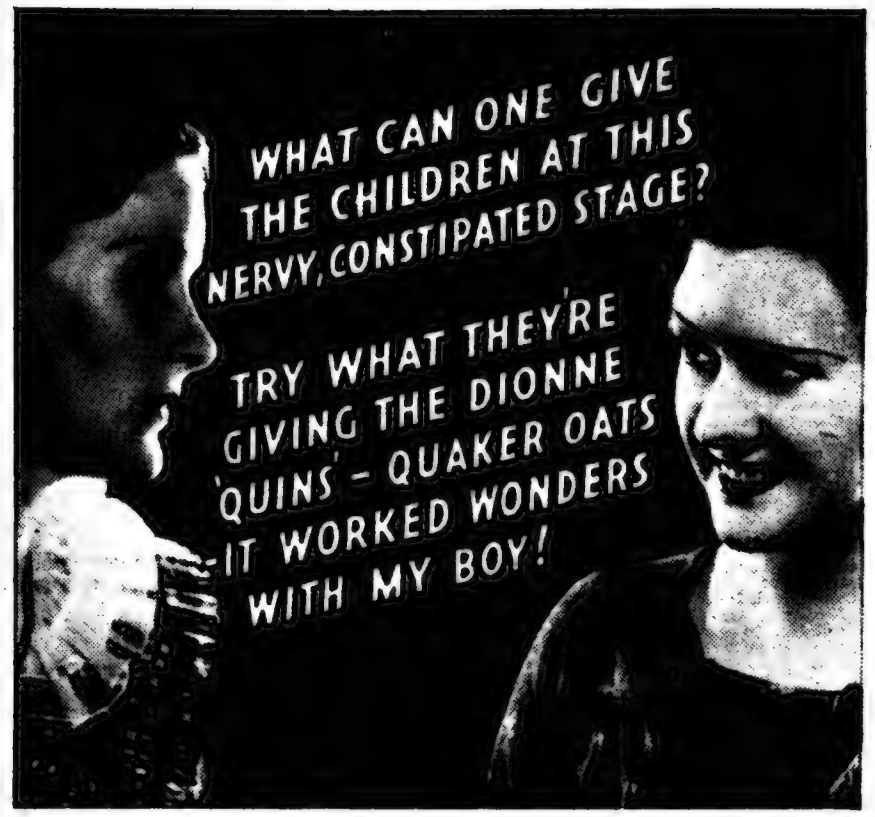
I use Pepsodent which is specially made to remove Film—and *keep* my teeth white. Do you?

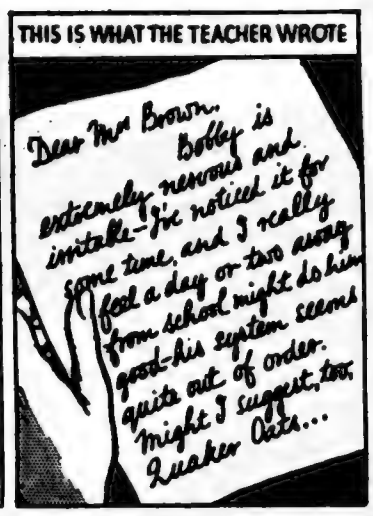
PEPSODENT

the special film-removing TOOTH PASTE

44-D-B.

ONE SHILLING A TUBE


WHAT CAN ONE GIVE THE CHILDREN AT THIS NERVY, CONSTIPATED STAGE?
TRY WHAT THEY'RE GIVING THE DIONNE 'QUINS' – QUAKER OATS – IT WORKED WONDERS WITH MY BOY!


THIS IS WHAT THE TEACHER WROTE
Dear Mrs Brown.
Bobby is extremely nervous and irritable – I've noticed it for some time, and I really feel a day or two away from school might do him good – his system seems quite out of order. Might I suggest, too, Quaker Oats...

And that's why they chose
QUAKER OATS
for the famous **DIONNE 'QUINS!'**

Mothers! On the Dionne "Quins" the world has showered its model methods of raising children. QUAKER OATS was selected as the cereal for these precious babies even before their first birthday! Consider that recommendation for *your* children and remember that for just a few pence you can give your family identically the same breakfast: identical because your Quaker and their's comes from the same great Quaker Mills in Canada. Quaker Oats is rich in Vitamin B, the important Vitamin which combats constipation, poor appetite and "nerviness." We all need this Vitamin daily, and what better way to take it than in delicious Quaker Oats! *Quick* Quaker saves time, too—prepared in 4 minutes.

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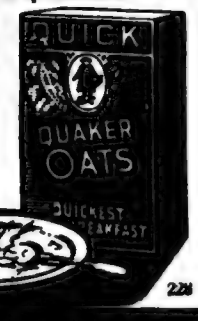

22N B

EVEN BEFORE THEIR FIRST BIRTHDAY—
QUAKER OATS was selected for the DIONNE QUINS

—and he adored her!

Here is yet another romance that blossomed in the charming fragrance of Aziadé. The perfume that enchanted her when first she opened her Aziadé compact, has added an elusive charm to her personality that he in turn finds irresistible.

Aziadé—the clever new perfumes that all smart women are using. It consists of the highly-concentrated essences of freshly-picked flowers and so comes in a tiny compact that's easily slipped into a corner of your handbag. Aziadé is economical, fragrant and refreshing, and, of course, there's no bottle to break or liquid to spill or evaporate. Choose Aziadé in your favourite perfume from the following: Jasmine, Violet, Lilac, Carnation, Chypre, Gardenia, Lavender, Sweet Pea, Mimosa, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Narcissus, Santal, Wallflower, Spring Flowers and Eau de Cologne.

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30,000 TRAGIC TEACHERS

THE plight of 30,000 teachers, described as "uncertificated" or "supplementary," who are employed at schools in all parts of the country, constitutes a grave national scandal.

Unlike certificated teachers, who have a powerful organisation to fight for their interests, this great army of hard-working men and women is unrepresented and is being harshly penalised in regard to both salaries and general working conditions.

How badly some of them are treated may be judged from the following typical cases.

One teacher, now on the staff of a small town school, has served an apprenticeship of four years' duration, passing an examination every year.

His parents spent about £200 on his training, and though he possesses sufficient qualifications to become a certificated teacher, he is told by the schools management committee that it is impossible to increase his salary, which is below £2 a week.

Savings gone

At the same time he is given the responsibility of instructing classes varying from forty-five to sixty children, and receives less in wages than the man who sweeps the road outside the school!

This is not an isolated case, but it is typical of the unsatisfactory position of a large number of highly trained men and women in various parts of the country.

Sometimes the salaries may be a little more than £2, but usually they are very much below the standard of the certificated teacher.

There is a woman at Flixton, Lancashire, who has been teaching for thirty-five years. For many years she had taught classes of sixty pupils.

Eventually she suffered from a complete breakdown in health. Her small savings from a salary which has ranged from £80 to £132 a year have been spent on paying doctor's bills and other expenses connected with ill-health.

Having given thirty-five years of her life to teaching the young, she may be rewarded with a pension of twenty shillings a week.

Many of the Church schools in the country are staffed by uncertificated teachers, who are paid salaries as low as £90 a year.

Often they possess the necessary educational attainments to become certificated teachers, but they are held back by the knowledge that if they become certificated they will lose their jobs.

Not that Church school managers are the only offenders in this respect, for there are many local councils who are paying teachers salaries which are below the wages of dustmen!

Left out

Yet these men and women give years of their lives to training for the task of teaching the young. The conditions under which they work are deplorable. If they suffer from ill-health—and their work of coping with large classes often leads to a breakdown—they are invariably dismissed without recompense of any kind.

How widespread is this scandal of sweated teachers can be judged by the fact that two hundred and eighty-four educational authorities in England utilise their services.

While the Burnham scheme has done much to improve the lot of certificated teachers, the great mass of uncertificated teachers are at the mercy of any tight-fisted local educational authority or committee of school managers.

The scandal is of long standing. At the time when Teachers' Superannuation came up for discussion in the House of Commons ten years ago, Colonel Sir Gerald Hurst, K.C., who was then M.P. for the Moss Side Division, Manchester, made a valiant stand on behalf of uncertificated teachers.

Col. Sir Gerald Hurst, who for years has championed the cause of the "uncertificated" teacher

The proposed Bill excluded these teachers from any benefit. Colonel Hurst pointed out that they were employed all over the country, were very poorly paid, and that there was no justification for excluding them from a Bill which was to provide benefits for school teachers in State-aided schools.

He indignantly protested against the passing of a Bill which was "grossly unfair to a large and deserving class."

Sir Gerald added: "These supplementary teachers are teachers who, whether highly qualified or not, are considered suitable to teach young children, and in respect of every child taught by them a Government grant is received.

"They are employed all over the country and they are very poorly paid, and I cannot see the slightest ground on which they should be excluded from a Bill which was introduced as an absolutely comprehensive Bill to provide these benefits for all classes of school teachers in State-aided schools.

"The only case I have heard for this restricted definition is that this class of teacher is not highly qualified."

Colonel Sir Gerald Hurst then rightly argued that you cannot indict a whole class like this. The debate in the House of Commons went on and on, but the pleas of Sir Gerald Hurst, Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy and other M.P.s made little difference.

The position of the "Uncertificated" and "Supplementary" teachers, though clamouring for redress, has called forth only vague regrets from the Government department concerned in the matter.

Since then the position of this large and deserving class of school teachers has not improved. The argument that because they are not certificated they should be employed under conditions which are a national disgrace has no logic or fairness to support it.

Well qualified

The qualities needed for teaching very young children are not necessarily obtained by certificates or degrees, and the fact that these uncertificated teachers are so widely employed proves that they have the necessary qualifications for their jobs.

The responsibility for employing teachers who, judged by certain standards, cannot be described as thoroughly qualified, rests entirely with their employers.

It must be obvious that since they are of service to local education authorities throughout the country, they are entitled to fair conditions of employment and just consideration. Many of them have spent their lives in the teaching profession, with poor reward.

There is heartbreak, hardship and misery in the experiences of many of these teachers who have, after years of study and training, devoted their lives to the teaching of the young.

Too often they are treated with lack of consideration, if not brutal callousness, by the school managers and local authorities under whom they have worked.

On the scrap-heap

One Manchester teacher has forty-five years' service with the local education authority, another in Warwick has forty-four years' service; a host of other men and women have served as teachers from twenty to thirty-five years, and yet after a lifetime of badly-paid labour in the educational field they can be thrown on the scrap-heap.

Should their health break down they have little to which they can look forward. Salaries may be paid for a month or two, but after that they are liable to dismissal without pension or consideration.

Our plea to the local educational authorities throughout the country is for justice for the great army of supplementary and uncertificated teachers who are carrying on the vital work of teaching the young.

To employ them under "sweat-shop" conditions is an obvious scandal that clamours for immediate remedy.

***Instant Relief* from CATARRH**

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HERE'S news worth £'s to any sufferer from Nasal or Bronchial Catarrh, Persistent Colds, and similar complaints. To get extraordinary relief—just do this. Sprinkle 10 to 15 drops of Karsote (new scientific inhalant) on a handkerchief and inhale. Karsote is a powerful new germicide containing 22 valuable ingredients and kills catarrh germs in half the time other inhalants take. In a few minutes Karsote opens up stuffed nostrils, clears away phlegm at back of throat and clears wheezy breathing passages. In a few days your Catarrh is gone. A trial size of Karsote (Brand) Inhalant costs but 1/-, double quantity 1/6. Four times the quantity 2/6. From any chemist.

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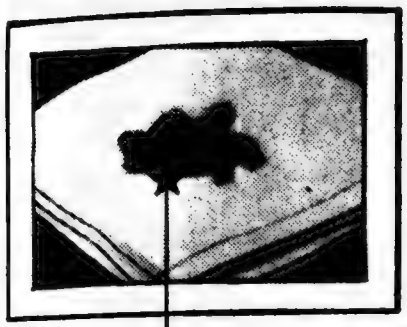

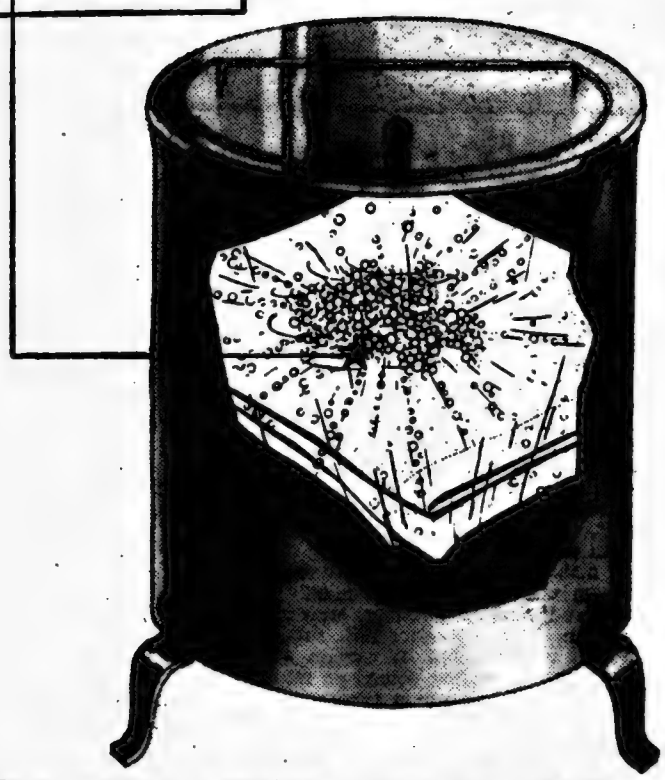

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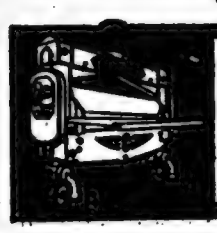

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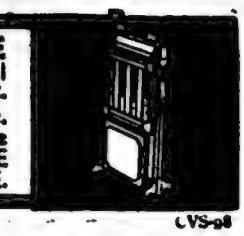

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"As good as their Famous Bacon"

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TWO SIZES
1/- and 1/9

FOR HEAD COLDS, OF COURSE USE
Mistol Drops

Where Mothers do NOT Die

Save the Mothers—5

IT will be evident by now to all who have followed the course of JOHN BULL's enquiry into the rising death toll among mothers that in our opinion the main causes can be very simply and bluntly stated.

They are: lack of skill; lack of knowledge; and lack of care in the treatment of the expectant mother, and in the attention she gets at confinement.

It has become the fashion lately, particularly among Ministerial question answerers, to call this tragic maternal mortality rate a "mystery." A very convenient word, too, for covering up inaction.

And, arising out of the use or misuse of that word, there has been a fine coming and going among experts and committees all intent on showing Whitehall and Parliament what a "mystery" the whole thing is.

And the longer the "mystery" angle is exploited, then the longer the Government is saved from the unpleasant necessity of telling the General Medical Council that the average British doctor's education in obstetrics is simply not good enough; of admitting that British midwifery is a chaos of ill-trained, overworked and underpaid women; of compelling local authorities to organise efficient ante-natal clinics and provide adequate maternity bed accommodation — all duties they have shirked for years.

WE are not, of course, decrying the endeavours of these very able committees and scientific groups who are devoting so much time to various aspects of the grave problems of maternal mortality. But our complaint is that while additional knowledge is being garnered the knowledge already in hand is being ignored.

Instead of drawing up maps of "black spots" and studying endless medical statistics to find out why mothers *die*, suppose the Government experts examined some of the reasons why mothers *live*. Suppose, for instance, they considered the record and the methods of such an institution as the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies at Woolwich.

This hospital — which is run entirely by women — serves an area where examples of all the factors sometimes blamed as causes of high mortality, such as malnutrition, bad housing, "unemployment neurosis," etc., can be found in abundance. About 25 per cent. of its cases are delivered in the patients' own homes—every kind of home and every kind of patient, wives of black coat workers as well as wives of labourers.

And yet, in thirteen years and among more than 11,000 confinements, it has lost only about fifteen mothers. Its average mortality rate over that period is 1.62 per thousand. The average national rate is about 6 per thousand—nearly four times as high!

According to Miss Alice Gregory, the hospital's founder and present secretary: "During four blessed years at Woolwich (which means about 3,500 confinements) we have not had a single fatality. Last year out of 800 mothers, only one died—and her death was due to other causes."

AND she tells us what is the secret of her hospital's wonderful record: "It is just a matter of taking care. We are no more clever and gifted than any other body of men and women running any other maternity hospital. We have a staff, however, trained in *our* system of taking the most stringent care in every single detail connected with every single mother who passes through our wards and who have given themselves to this particular work, not for one year or two, but for the whole of their working lives!"

If we examine these wards in actual practice we find the following. Every woman who goes on to the hospital's books receives close ante-natal care often for as long as seven months before her baby is born.

The medical staff are obstetricians, specialists in that work, and the nursing staff are trained in midwifery for a far longer period and more completely than is deemed necessary for the usual midwifery qualification.

Miss Gregory's views on this point are strong. "Really," she says, "it all comes down to this. Mothers will continue to die until doctors and midwives in this country are given better training — the latter for not less than two years as in most European countries at present, whether they are State registered in general nursing or not."

She attacks also the carelessness in technique and routine, particularly in asepsis and similar matters, which is common in so many other hospitals.

Another hospital run by women with an even more amazing record as far as low maternal mortality is concerned is the Clapham Maternity Hospital. There is something, too, in the history of this hospital's working which should be of interest to those theorists who are trying to find obscure and mysterious causes for the present high national mortality.

IT was established fifty years ago, and its guiding principles then were fundamentally the same as those on which it operates to-day, namely, the most prolonged and the closest degree of care of the mother through all the stages of the confinement. And this apparently simple recipe has produced the hospital's wonderful record.

Over the past *fifty years* of work (and remember that this period includes many years when obstetric knowledge of the principles of asepsis was much more sketchy than it is to-day) the *average* mortality has been 1.6 per thousand confinements—roughly a quarter of the national rate in these days of progress.

The Clapham Maternity Hospital is a teaching centre for midwives as well as a reception institution for patients, and they get their training in an environment where care for the patient, in every sense of the meaning of that word, counts first, last and all the time.

The other two chief points of the hospital's methods are (1) a maximum of common-sense hygiene and (2) a minimum of interference with labour.

One of the fixed rules at this hospital is that no young assistant doctor is allowed to do any confinement operation without having first taken a course in operative midwifery.

Hospitals with similar wonderful records are the Leicester and Leicestershire Maternity Hospital, the General Lying-In Hospital at Lambeth, Collins Trust at Nottingham, the Lincoln City Municipal Maternity Home, and the East End Maternity Hospital.

All these institutions are run on much the same lines and guided by the same principles as those which obtain at Woolwich and Clapham. *And their death rates, over many years, average less than* 1.5 *per thousand.*

Finally, there is that marvellous organisation, the Queen's Nurses. Their work lies in the patients' own homes, often terrible homes from the hygienic point of view. Their sole weapon against mortality is that same superlative training and care for the patients. The result is shown in their unequalled record—with an average of 60,000 cases a year the death-rate is only about two per thousand.

A record to be proud of—a smile for patient from the matron of Clapham Maternity Hospital, where the average mortality has been only 1·6 per 1,000 over 50 years

Lastly, if we seem to have reduced the whole of this great problem of maternal mortality to so simple a solution as increased care of the mother, let us quote some august backing for that view.

ON page 106 of the Interim Report on Maternal Mortality, the Departmental Committee states: "It is useful and necessary to pursue our search for the causes of infection and danger along many paths, but although valuable and helpful information will certainly emerge from bacteriological or pathological enquiry, these results can never be wholly fruitful unless the individual care of the patient as a whole and in every way makes a steady advance.

"It is certain that an excessive maternal mortality *can* be prevented, for in some lying-in institutions and in large groups of women in confinement at home, it is already being prevented by these very means. What is being done for some women can and should be done for all."

JOHN BULL has already shown what has *not* been done. We have described that which *can* be done for a fortunate few. We await the day when that ideal service can be made available to every woman. And we demand that the day be not long delayed.

FOR EVERY KIND OF SKIN TROUBLE.
D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.

There is nothing like D.D.D. Prescription for relieving the fiery irritation of Eczema, the intense pain of wounds, ulcers and boils, and the disfigurement of facial blemishes. This antiseptic non-greasy lotion heals the skin *through* the skin. Salves and ointments remain on the surface and simply clog the pores. D.D.D. Brand Prescription, a penetrating liquid wash, is absorbed the moment it is applied, sinking through the pores and washing out the germs deeply buried in the underlying tissue. It has no equal in the treatment of Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, and Bad Leg. Irritating spots and pimples are cleared overnight. D.D.D. Prescription is invaluable for Chilblains. It promptly clears away Dandruff and promotes a healthy condition of the hair and scalp, and as a household remedy has 101 uses. Excellent as a gargle; as a general antiseptic; for cuts, burns and scalds. 1/3 a bottle at all chemists.
FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE will be gladly sent on request to D.D.D. Laboratories, [illegible] Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4. [Advt.]

Is *Constipation* robbing *you* of HAPPINESS

HAVEN'T you had days when you said, "I feel on top of the world to-day?" *That's* how you should feel *every* day. And you would—if constipation did not rob you of your birthright of health.

Pills and drugs won't cure you. What you need is your daily ration of "bulk" to cleanse your intestines. Just eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN every day and you'll never be troubled with common constipation. In chronic cases, eat it with each meal.

Besides supplying the necessary "bulk" ALL-BRAN also contains Vitamin B and iron to tone the system and enrich the blood. Serve ALL-BRAN with cold milk or cream—a delicious cereal food. You'll like it. Sold by all grocers.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

the gentle, natural way to relieve CONSTIPATION

7½D Per Packet

107

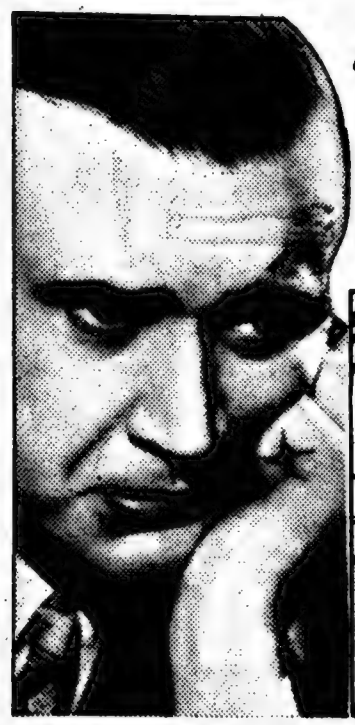
Millions of Housewives

Improve their gravies, soups, stews, and meat-dishes, with Oxo, giving them more tastiness, more richness, and increased nutritive value.

OXO

BEEF IN BRIEF 10/28

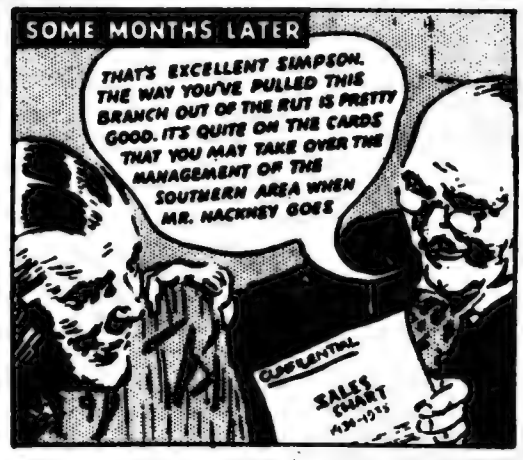
"Sales down 10% AND THE DIRECTORS BLAMED ME"



I'M DISAPPOINTED SIMPSON - WHEN EVERY OTHER BRANCH IS GOING AHEAD, YOUR TURNOVER'S DOWN, YOUR STAFF IS SLACK, YOUR STOCK'S BADLY DISPLAYED

OLD SCOTT'S BEEN ON AT ME AGAIN TODAY - HINTING THINGS. DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING DEFINITE OF COURSE — BUT HE MADE ME VERY UNCOMFORTABLE. GOSH — I WISH I DIDN'T FEEL SO DONE UP ALL THE TIME
JIM — YOU MUST GO AND SEE A DOCTOR — PROMISE?

CONSULTING ROOM
... SHALL I PUT IT THIS WAY, MR. SIMPSON — EVEN WHEN SLEEPING YOU'RE USING UP ENERGY AND ENERGY MUST BE REPLACED OR YOU'LL WAKE UP TIRED — SUFFERING FROM NIGHT-STARVATION — THE BEST THING I KNOW IS HORLICK'S


SOME MONTHS LATER
THAT'S EXCELLENT SIMPSON. THE WAY YOU'VE PULLED THIS BRANCH OUT OF THE RUT IS PRETTY GOOD. IT'S QUITE ON THE CARDS THAT YOU MAY TAKE OVER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE SOUTHERN AREA WHEN MR. HACKNEY GOES
CONFIDENTIAL
SALES CHART

Are YOU a weak link in the chain?

Does your work contrast unfavourably with that of your fellow workers? Do you feel you are being criticised? Even if it escapes comment, the feeling of tiredness and losing ground is worrying. It's more than likely that you're suffering from "Night-Starvation." That means you are not replacing the energy your body uses up during sleep for breathing and other automatic actions: you wake still tired, and the whole day seems against you.

Horlick's at bedtime and midday will restore the lost energy and enable nature to catch up with repairs. You'll wake *ready* — and confident. Horlick's is delicious, and economical: just add water, the milk is in it. Prices from 2/-. Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

This means you sleep soundly, wake refreshed, and have extra energy all day

W.F.

You must not miss the thrilling March issue of "Woman's Fair" — Out next Thursday, February 20. It contains full details and Gift Vouchers for an amazing and original Triple Gift. Order your copy to-day, 6d. only.

R·S·V·P

A prompt reply is always appreciated. Why keep your correspondents waiting for an answer when you can type your letters so quickly—and so easily—on a Remington Portable?

You can learn to type on a Remington Home Portable in a couple of hours or so. It's simplicity itself—nothing complicated. The light touch and smooth, easy action make typing a positive pleasure. Built of the same materials as the big Remingtons, it weighs only 11 lb. complete with case, and will stand up to years and years of real hard wear.

Full particulars (post free and without obligation) on receipt of a p.c. or the coupon below.

Remington

HOME PORTABLE

ALL WRITE WITH A REMINGTON!

Assembled in Great Britain by British Labour. Weight only 11 lb. Size 12¼ in. x 12 in. x 5 in., complete with case.

£9·9·0 CASH. or 10 monthly payments of £1.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO., LTD. 100, GRACECHURCH ST., LONDON, E.C.3 Telephone: Mansion House 3333.

Please send, without obligation, particulars of the Remington Home Portable Typewriter.

NAME .....

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C23

HERE'S HEALTH!

deKUYPER'S

HEART LABEL

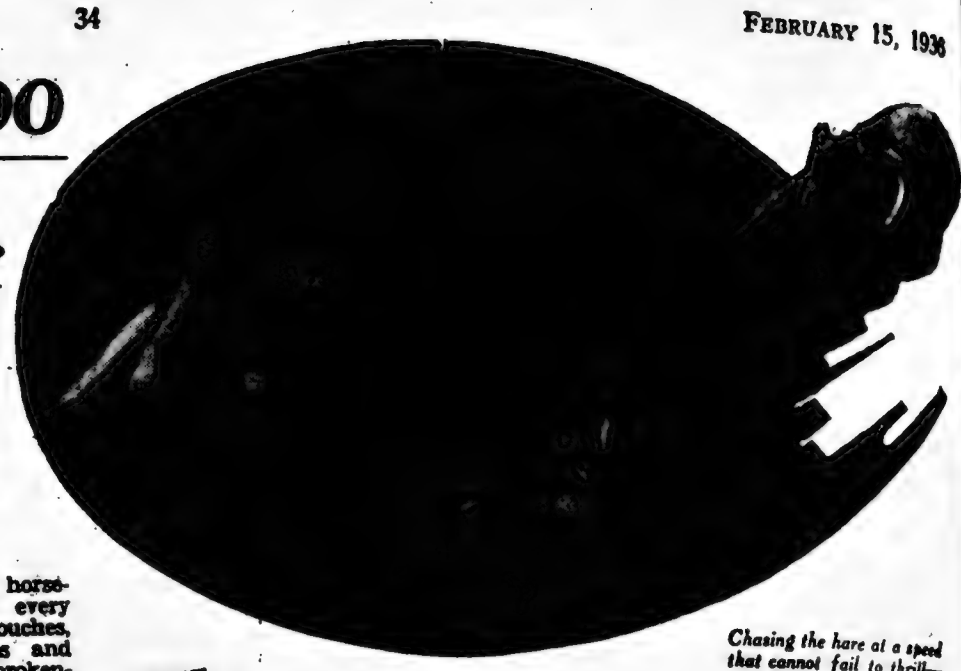
HOLLANDS

ASK YOUR CONFECTIONER FOR SOME

4d. OR. NUTTALL'S MINTOES 4d. OR.

THEY KEEP OUT FOG AND COLD

Waterloo Cup . .



Chasing the hare at a speed that cannot fail to thrill—yet the hare often wins, leaving his pursuers exhausted

The 100-Years Thrill!

ON three days of this week a strange-looking procession moves out of Liverpool and by country roads and field tracks plods its way to the Withins at Altcar—the most celebrated stretch of natural coursing country in all the world.

It consists of a long line of horse-drawn cabs and carriages of every known type, four-wheelers, barouches, victorias, landaus, hansom cabs and what-not, most of them in a broken-down or extremely decayed condition.

In its tedious progress through the countryside, the queer cavalcade carries as distinguished a company of sportsmen and sportswomen as has ever assembled anywhere in Britain. They are people whose names are generally associated in the public mind with the patronage of various sports, but on these three days they have a common interest—the pursuit of the hare by the greyhound for the greatest trophy of coursing, the Waterloo Cup.

Every year they go to the Withins in the same style, just as their forefathers did for generations past. Why they should continue to do so when more rapid and comfortable means of conveyance are possible can be explained only by a desire to preserve a relic of more spacious times. Anyhow, the tradition is so well rooted that they and their grandchildren will travel by the same method so long as anything survives on wheels which a horse can pull.

Not one in a hundred of these antiquated vehicles ever takes the road again until February of the next year when the Call of the Withins is heard again. They lie hidden away for twelve months in all kinds of hole-and-corner premises in the back streets of Liverpool.

This year that city has not been able to meet even a small portion of the demand for ancient cabs and carriages. For this week is the centenary of the Waterloo Cup and people have come from all over the world to honour the occasion. Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds and even London have been scoured for all kinds of passenger conveyances which have shafts for horses.

An order for a cab must be renewed for the next Waterloo Cup meeting as soon as one is over, otherwise there is never hope of obtaining one.

Coursing men and women still chuckle over the experience of one of their number, a very well-known man who is not conspicuous for excessive generosity. Two years ago he omitted to make his reservation for his carriage for last year and was not aware of the fact until he arrived in Liverpool and went as usual to seek the conveyance. The owner of it knew he had the famous man at his mercy; nowhere in Liverpool or district could he possibly obtain another at the last moment.

JEHU told him that he intended to retire forthwith and would never hire out his cab again. If his lordship wished to go to the Waterloo Cup field in the approved manner he would have to buy the cab. A fantastic price was asked for the decrepit vehicle, and the nobleman paid it—more in the spirit, however, of preserving his vanity than tradition.

Although coursing and the greyhound first came to Britain with the Roman governors and the sport of the Longtail, as the dog was known, has ever since been fashionable in this country, it had not any substantial democratic interest until the last ten years or so. Now the attendance at even the most ordinary coursing meetings is always large, and at Altcar, the venue of the Waterloo Cup, it has become immense in recent years.

In this, the hundredth year of the trophy, it is expected to surpass all records. Prices of admission have been halved for the occasion and, for the first time, the railway companies are running special excursion trains to the meeting from distant parts of the country.

On the eve of the first day of the Waterloo Cup rounds a great banquet has been held in Liverpool ever since the inception of the contest and until now it has been a rigid rule that only men should be present.

But this year women attended, and Lord Lonsdale presented to Lady Sefton a portrait in oils of her late husband, who, with his forebears, kept coursing established through the centuries as an English sport.

LITTLE wine is drunk at the historic banquet. There is a mercenary reason for the abstinence. After the port has circulated, wagering begins. And it is betting of the first magnitude. The fate of fortunes sometimes depends on the quiet words spoken across the tables.

It would never do for the owner of a greyhound, his friends or his followers to wax with wine-stimulated enthusiasm about its chances in the terms of big money.

Scores of wealthy men spend fortunes yearly on the upkeep of kennels solely in the hope of having the Waterloo Cup on their sideboards. It has seemed that the more they lay out for this purpose the less becomes their certainty of success. Indeed, in recent years many of the great and costliest kennels would certainly have had to be extinguished if it had not been for the introduction of greyhound track racing, which now provides an outlet for the disposal of dogs that would otherwise have been encumbrances to the coursing kennels at which they were bred.

There is the case, for instance, of Mr. Edwin Baxter, owner of the famous "E. B." kennels at Bolingbroke, near Margate. He has invested many thousands of pounds in coursing and never obtained the major triumph, although he became a nationally known figure when his *Entry Badge* won the first greyhound track Derby ever run and two other dogs of his occupied second and third positions in that race.

He seemed destined, however, to win the Waterloo Cup at last this year with *Enter Boldly*, the fastest and champion puppy of the year, which had been backed into clear favouritism for huge sums of money in all parts of the country. Such is the uncertainty and tragedy of this costly sport that on the eve of the contest *Enter Boldly* injured a foot in the course of a simple trial and has had to be withdrawn.

It seemed, however, that the vast stakes thus lost might be recovered by another greyhound belonging to Mr. Baxter—*Eton Boy*, a brilliant litter-brother of *Enter Boldly*. Fate played another cruel trick. *Eton Boy* has contracted gastric influenza, and, notwithstanding all the money he has spent, Mr. Baxter does not now even have a runner for the Cup.

Mr. Roland Rank, a member of the millionaire milling family, is another example of an owner lavishing money without stint to bring the Waterloo Cup to his home, but so far it is the only important coursing trophy which has not come into his ownership.

He has now, perhaps, the strongest kennel in Britain, and it is being represented at Altcar by *Rowley Regis*, the fastest dog of the season and winner of the Lonsdale Cup.

The history of the Waterloo Cup is, indeed, a long and almost continuous one both of perverted luck and novice's luck.

The greatest misconception which exists regarding the contests for the Waterloo Cup is that the trophy goes in the end to the dog which is best able to kill its hares. Nothing could be farther from reality.

THE coursing greyhound gains points not for slaughter, but for speed and stamina and adaptability, and, as often as not, the hare out-distances and out-manœuvres the pursuers. In fact, the hares at Altcar are so strong that it has been common of late years for the dogs to be found lying completely exhausted in the country at the point where they had to give up the chase. The multitude of people on the Withins are most exultant when they raise the cry "Live Hare!"—their tribute to the prowess of Puss over Longtail.

Poisons in the Blood

caused by weak kidney action.

Backache, rheumatic pains and bladder weakness cause acute distress, especially during the night-time. What with the scalding urine, pains across the small of the back or dizzy attacks, kidney trouble destroys both peace and comfort.

Delay makes matters worse—just so long as the kidneys fail to filter the blood properly you cannot hope to be well. Stimulate your kidneys to renewed activity with Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills.

This special Kidney tonic has achieved great success throughout the world. "Thanks to Doans Pills all my kidney troubles have vanished." "I wish I had used them earlier." "I know now that much of my rheumatism was needless," are eloquent tributes to the success of Doans Pills in relieving urinary disorders, backache, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, renal dropsy and gravel.

INSIST UPON DOANS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-. [Advt.]

CAPSTAN CIGARETTES PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED
10 for 6d.
20 for 11½d.

'BETTER BUY CAPSTAN.
they're blended better
–they're Wills's

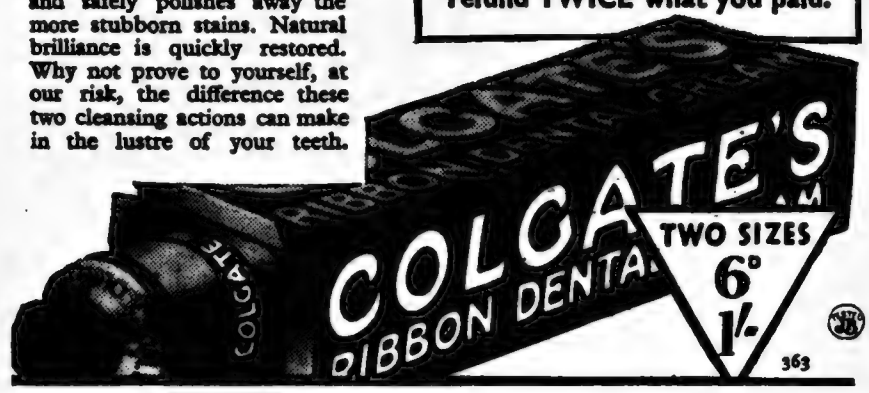
–as the daughter said to her father

C.C.4930

FOR YOU TOO
CLEANER BRIGHTER TEETH
or double your money back

Colgate's is a double action toothpaste. That's why it completely removes the *seven kinds of stains* left on the teeth by the things you eat and drink and smoke. First, Colgate's *emulsive* action loosens and washes away many of the stains, penetrating to the tiniest crevices. Second, Colgate's *polishing* action gently and safely polishes away the more stubborn stains. Natural brilliance is quickly restored. Why not prove to yourself, at our risk, the difference these two cleansing actions can make in the lustre of your teeth.

Buy a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it twice a day. When it's all used up, if you don't admit that your teeth are cleaner, brighter than ever before, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1, and we will refund TWICE what you paid.



Mrs Goodsort AT THE SALES—HELPS A WIFE TO BE PRETTIER

THIS IS JUST THE COLOUR I LOVE TO WEAR.
DO GET IT, YOU LOOK SO PRETTY IN BLUE.
OH! BUT EVERYTHING FADES SO BADLY IN THE WASH — EVEN FAST COLOURS DO, YOU KNOW.
WHY, MY DEAR! YOU MUST BE USING A WASHING POWDER WITH STRONG CHEMICALS IN IT—
I'VE FOUND A WAY TO WASH COLOURS. IT MIGHT HELP YOU. I USE RINSO—THERE ARE NO DESTRUCTIVE CHEMICALS IN IT TO FADE FAST COLOURS. IT TAKES ALL THE DIRT OUT AND THE COLOURS COME UP LIKE NEW EVERY TIME!
THAT SOUNDS GOOD, I BELIEVE I'LL TRY RINSO!
WEEKS LATER
BETTY—YOU'RE EVEN PRETTIER THAN WHEN WE WERE MARRIED!
FLATTERER! I CAN WEAR NICE COLOURS NOW, THAT'S ALL.
HAVE YOU HEARD THIS?

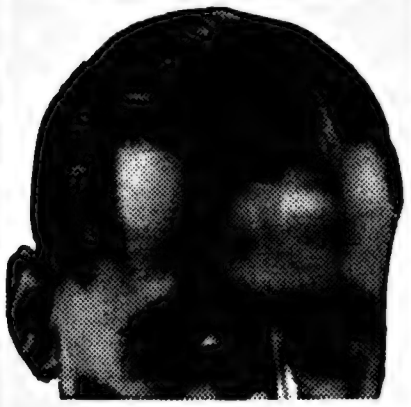
RINSO does make the most wonderful thick rich lather! But that isn't all! *Deep down* through Rinso's creamy lather, rich suds trap the specks of dirt like prisoners, then draw them gently away from the clothes. That's why colours come out of Rinso bright as new. There are no destructive chemicals in Rinso to fade fast colours. Won't roughen your hands either.

3½d., 6d. and 10d. a packet

R 2172-522

R. S. Hudson Limited, London

Yes, Sir! another Bright fellow



has changed to BRYLCREEM

So many people have dry-scalp and that means dandruff and falling hair. Later on—baldness.

Cheer up! BRYLCREEM will turn the driest scalp into the healthiest and the 'shabbiest' hair into the most lustrous. Fixes the hair *naturally* by its *natural* blended oils and tonic-ingredients. Fine stuff—try it and become one of its enthusiasts!

IN BOTTLE AND TUBES 1/-

The County Perfumery Co., London, N.W.10

royds 370A

£50 A WEEK

Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could win this nice round sum?

The things you could buy. The holiday you could have. Yet thousands of women and girls are going to be lucky soon and win wonderful prizes. Every week for 6 weeks beginning March 1st, £50, £25, £10 and a thousand other prizes will be awarded to attractive women and girls in a

GIGANTIC BEAUTY COMPETITION

All you have to do is to send your photograph with your name, address and age written on the back together with a little coloured disc to Beauty Editress, "Daily Mirror," 14, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4. (Comps.).

Please be sure to enclose the disc, any Chemist, Hairdresser or Store will give you a disc FREE with every Jar of Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream you buy. Full particulars will appear in "John Bull" on February 22nd.

1000 PRIZES A WEEK MUST BE WON

"On his African tour the natives could not believe this man in short-sleeved shirt was a real Prince. So, seeing their disappointment, he went miles through the sweltering sun to put on his full uniform, and presented himself again"

As they SAW the KING..

ALTHOUGH many millions of words in scores of languages have described the life and personality of King Edward VIII in the last few weeks, the finest and most revealing story still lies unwritten in the minds and memories of his subjects.

The old folk who remember him as a child at play in a kitchen garden, the cottagers who have sat alone with him in their humble drawing-rooms, the men who have caught his shouted words over the din of the stokehold or the footplate, the spectators who have seen something the reporters missed in the thick of the crowd—these people are his best biographers.

Typical of what they could tell are the hundreds of letters we have received since we invited "Our Letter Parliament" readers to send "My Happiest Memory of the New King" . . .

It was a summer day in 1920. The scene was Epping Forest. Hundreds of ragged school children were enjoying a day of revelry and buns all the more because the Prince of Wales was there to share their fun.

And now tea was passed up to the Prince himself and—horror of horrors!—something had gone wrong. Instead of the proper crockery, there was a helper offering him a thick chipped cup like those the children were using.

NEW crockery was rushed to him. There were explanations, apologies. But the Prince clung to the antiquated porcelain. "No fear," he said. "This is my cup and saucer, thank you. I am with the kids to-day."

And now another crowd scene. The Prince's car had drawn up at the crimson carpet laid for his benefit at a Lambeth function. He dismounted to walk along it into a hall crammed with people.

But who was this man who was being pushed back by force into the waiting crowd? He was a ticket-holder, yes, and a very shabbily dressed one at that. But he had arrived too late to turn his ticket to account and was foolishly resisting all the efforts made to keep him out.

An embarrassing moment for the organisers until the Prince seized the angry and dishevelled man by the arm, addressed him by his name, and walked up the carpet with him to the hall. He could never forget an "old comrade" he had known in France!

The next reminiscence—a delightful one—comes from Albert Richards, an L.M.S. express driver in charge of the train that took the Prince to the British Industries Fair at Castle Bromwich in 1922.

"I was waiting for the guard's right-away signal when the Prince came up to the engine," he tells us. "'Do you smoke?' he asked me with a smile, and when I said I did he looked very doubtful and asked whether twist was the only tobacco I enjoyed.

"I told him at once that I did smoke twist, but only sometimes. And then his face lit up. He produced a big box of cigars. 'Well, please smoke these for me, will you?' he said, leaving me with a hearty 'Good luck!' and a wave of the hand."

And now a story from a Birmingham factory girl. Hundreds of operatives were lined up to welcome the Prince. One girl only had to stick by her machine. She was a cripple. Standing was beyond her strength. The first person the Prince addressed was that little cripple.

We have a letter from a Durham housewife. The present King entered one of the row of cottages she lives in and, leaving with a bag of cakes, told people waiting outside that they smelt good. "That's all," comments that housewife. All, indeed!

Then a story from a man who saw him during his African tour. . . .

"The natives could not believe this man who was wearing a short-sleeved shirt and pants was a real Prince. Seeing the disappointment on their faces, he had them kept there, went miles through the sweltering sun to change into full uniform, and then presented himself again.

"BELIEVE me, he did not enjoy being borne down by such heavy clothes in such murderous heat. But that's how the natives wanted to see him. And he didn't want to see *them* disappointed."

A fishing story, too. It is from a resident in that part of old Hastings where the fisher-folk live:

"Although he really came to open the new Orchestral Pavilion, he came down to our part of the town. There we asked him to join the Winkle Club. Consenting to become President, he received the solid gold winkle we had prepared for him. Then, having shaken hands all round, he settled down to hear the yarns told him in delightful Sussex brogue. I shall never forget how he joined in the laughter when one of the wits among us suddenly shouted out: 'Winkle up!'"

Another reader remembers the Prince "holding the heavy baby of a tired woman in the crowd as he waited for the Duke and Duchess of York to land after their Australian tour."

And, finally, there is that story of the new King which will never die. It was sent to us by several readers. We have chosen, as the best account, that of a Birmingham man who was an eye-witness. It tells of the King, as Prince of Wales, walking round a War Pensioners' Hospital until, at last, they told him there were no more patients for him to see.

But he knew there was one more, asked if he could see him, and, waving aside all their objections, went into a room where lay a poor mangled form, limbless, blind, deaf and dumb.

THE only one way in which one could communicate with that poor fellow so terribly broken in the war was by touch. And touching, surely, reaches its highest tribute in—a kiss.

And so the man who reigns over us to-day as King stooped towards the bed and, unable to control the emotion he felt, kissed the face of the man who had suffered so much, and whose whole life had become little more than a living death.

Yes, these are the Memories—to the sender of each letter quoted 10s. is being sent—that present a happy picture of King Edward VIII as our readers themselves see him.

What our readers think will in future be featured in "Write to JOHN BULL About It" (see page 40)—a page to which every reader is invited to contribute. A guinea will be paid for the best letter each week and half-a-guinea for every other published.

Race with "Silver Ring"

'Double Crossed'

ANOTHER brick in the mail-bag this week! A correspondent complains that, as a result of a hint given in these notes, he backed Double Crossed for the Grand National, but after his wager the horse was pulled up at Kempton Park. He contends that after this the horse cannot have a chance at Aintree.

The reply is: At 25 to 1 my correspondent has a good bet. Double Crossed has run four times at Aintree. He ran out in his first race and won the other three. He is a Liverpool horse.

At about this period in 1933 Kellsboro' Jack was tipped as a good wager for National honours. I saw him beaten out of a place a week or so later in a three-miles 'chase at Newbury and discarded him then. He was the Aintree type, and proved it.

Best bets at Hurst Park this week-end may be Taos, Belted Hero and Jimmy's Pet.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 13, to Wednesday, February 19.

R B T F 94 M P Q C 93 98 A K X U Z
H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E V D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: RMYCTLX would read HOPLITE. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. IMO296MG would read TOMMAOK.

REAL RELIEF for dry, husky, tickling throats

VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

STEP ON IT WITH PURITAN LEATHER SOLES

Puritan Tanneries Ltd., Runcorn, Cheshire.

Not guilty — of "TIRED SKIN"

HERE'S MY DAUGHTER COME TO FETCH US TO LUNCH.
BARBARA, I DIDN'T RECOGNISE YOU.
COURT
OWN UP- WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING TO LOOK SO DIFFERENT?
AM I IN THE WITNESS BOX?
YOU LOOK LOVELIER THAN I'VE EVER SEEN YOU!
I USE KNIGHT'S CASTILE SOAP NOW- MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOUR.
A MONTH LATER
BARBARA- I'M GOING TO PLEAD MY CASE NOW. WILL YOU MARRY ME?

There's no attraction to compare with a lovely skin—and none that's so easy to gain. City air and city grime can take much of the life and loveliness from your complexion. Don't wait for "tired skin." Start the simple Knight's Castile beauty treatment now. Knight's Castile will stimulate your skin back to natural, glowing loveliness. Knight's Castile is specially made for the face! Fourpence per tablet.

Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP

RC 175-364

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

The DAILY SHINE for smarter shoes . .
The DAILY SHINE for greater comfort
The DAILY SHINE for longer wear . . .
The DAILY SHINE for waterproof shoes

Polish them daily with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

and notice the difference

CB. AB. 3.

Nothing Equals

MUSTEROLE BRAND MUSTARD OINTMENT

FOR RHEUMATISM

The "deep healing" of this pure, stainless ointment never fails. Its glowing warmth penetrates deep down beneath the skin, soothes the inflammation, draws out the pain. Better than a mustard plaster—it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist today. Costs 2/6d. but is very economical as owing to its great penetrating power you use very little at a time. Once you have tried it you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

A Redhill, Surrey, user says:—

"I was taken suddenly with a very acute pain right down my left leg and was unable to walk. After finding out it was acute Rheumatism, I tried several remedies, but without any real result. I went to my local chemist, and he recommended to me your Ointment. I applied it as soon as I got home after walking in misery, and after two hours the pain had nearly gone and now after a week's use of it I am completely cured."

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment gives certain relief in cases of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, ACHES AND PAINS IN BACK, STIFF MUSCLES, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after 'FLU and COLDS.

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Read this amazing letter—one of the thousands received every year from overjoyed users in praise of the Wonderful Brooks Appliance.

"My *heartfelt thanks* for all that your Appliance has meant to my twin boys. I sent for your booklet, eventually procuring your Appliance for the twins, and in 18 months they were both *effectively and permanently cured.* So I procured a Brooks Appliance, which I found very beneficial. I have now *discarded the Appliance* and given it to a neighbour. We have passed the good tidings on to several friends with the usual good result."

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Don't suffer any longer from neglected Rupture or from an out-of-date truss. Do as Mr. Smith and 744,000 others have done. Do as 3,200 English doctors recommend. Find out how you can try out a Brooks for yourself FREE. Send for booklet RIGHT NOW and stop your Rupture worries for good!

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Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture and your 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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(Please write plainly.)

CUT OUT AND POST TO-DAY

Child's dreadful TEARING COUGH

FAMEL SYRUP "SAVED HER LIFE"

"My little girl, 10½ years old was a great sufferer from Bronchitis for 2 years. From July two years ago she was nearly always in bed for long spells, never being able to lay down, always in a sitting position propped up by pillows. I tried all sorts of remedies until I saw Famel Syrup in an advertisement and gave her half a dose each time. She soon began to be better and I got her to lay down without that dreadful tearing cough. Now she is quite a different girl and has been to school several months without a break. She takes more interest in life, and I am keeping her on Famel Syrup, as I know it is that which has saved her life. Everybody here knows what a poor little thing she was, so if you like to use this you can, since Famel is putting her right."

Daisy Sargent, Stone, Nr. Tenterden, Kent.

Next time you or your child is troubled by a cough, remember this little girl. What Famel Syrup did for her it can quickly and certainly do for you. Even if you have been unfortunate with the usual 'cough remedies' you need have no hesitation about taking Famel Syrup for this is the scientific cough treatment — it attacks the *cause* of your cough instead of simply quietening the symptoms. When you take a dose of Famel Syrup you feel immediate relief—the cough diminishes and disappears and the throat is eased and soothed. That is good, but there is better still to come. The soluble Lactocreosote (discovered in the Famel laboratories) goes straight to the stronghold of the invading germs — the chest and breathing-passages — and speedily destroys them. Instead of temporary relief you are assured of complete recovery.

Famel Syrup is not the ordinary cough mixture. It is a scientific preparation used in hospitals and sanatoria all over the world and recommended in famous medical journals.

FAMEL *brand* **SYRUP**

It goes to the ROOT of your COUGH

1/6 *and* 3/- *(triple quantity) from all chemists*

Distributors: Wilcox, Jozeau & Co., Ltd., North Circular Road, Cricklewood, N.W. 2

HUMAN DOCUMENTS by Philip Inman

Can a MAN Love BOTH?

Even if he thinks he does, he must not expect his wife's affections to remain as true to him as if he were single-hearted

SOME people have no time for the opposite sex. They love to describe themselves as "a man-hater" or "a confirmed bachelor."

There are others who go to the opposite extreme. When they are young they delight in flirtation, which can be an innocent amusement. But the trouble comes when these people persist in having "affairs" after they are married.

"Can a man love his wife and another woman at the same time?" queries one of my readers. Here is her problem:

I have been married eighteen years and I have two children, who are both at school. My husband says I am too old for him, that I've lost the fire of youth and my "sex appeal" is slowly disappearing. He has made friends with a younger woman of thirty-one, who lives in a flat and invites him to visit her there. I appealed to her not to encourage him, but she just laughed at me.

He has always been a good man, but this infatuation is changing him. And yet he keeps telling me that he loves me and me only—that if I died to-morrow he would never marry this woman. He pleads with me to say nothing to him about it—that it is his "character" that requires this outlet. He says the woman's nearness soothes him and her conversation amuses and exhilarates him and gives him a keener zest for life.

The odd thing is: He and I are tremendous pals—with similar tastes and interests. I am the first in his world, but he *must* be free, he says, to spend time with the other woman. She has blotchy skin, sandy hair and watery eyes, but she has what appeals most—a younger attitude to life than I have.

He has told her he loves her, with a different love from what he has for me. Between them they have broken my heart and I see no way out.

What would this man say if his wife carried on in the same way? He expects loyalty and affection from her and she is entitled to receive the same from him. We may not be able to help our feelings for other folk—we can, however, control them.

IT is just here that this husband is failing his wife. He has the power within himself to root out this affection for another woman. If he refuses to do so he will in time forfeit the love of his wife, the affection of his children and the respect of his friends. And he will probably find, when he has lost all, that this younger woman will also turn him adrift.

I hope my correspondent will point

out these things to him and that he will be man enough to "play the game."

My readers certainly set me some posers. Listen to this one. What should be done about a girl who threatens to commit suicide if her young man gives her up? Here is the full story:

During the last two years I have been keeping company with one of the typists at the office. She has not been home with me for over twelve months, because my people have not been favourably disposed towards our association from the start owing to the difference in our ages—she is thirty; I am nearly twenty-five.

A few weeks ago I told her that I could see no chance of getting married as it would mean breaking away from my parents and sisters. She seemed very upset and so we decided to carry on for a little longer.

Just over a week ago I said that I thought it best to discontinue our association. Last Friday she told me that she cannot sleep at night and that on two occasions she had gone to the kitchen to end her troubles in the gas-oven, but her mother had come in unexpectedly on both occasions.

What do you advise me to do? Have a talk with my parents, her parents, or carry on and get married? Should she do away with herself, and I am called at the inquest, as I certainly should be, I would lose my job, which I have held for eight years. On the other hand, if I get married a family upheaval will result.

My correspondent is in a difficult position. And largely through his own fault

THE reason he gives for wanting to break off the relationship is his parents' objection to the match because of the difference in ages. But he has been aware of that objection right through the two years of the courtship.

Why did he lead on the girl for so long? Why did he not listen to his parents at the start? You can't treat a human being like the wireless—shut it off when it no longer interests or amuses.

This young man asks me if he should marry the girl? Yes, if he loves her and she loves him. In that case the age question is of secondary importance.

My correspondent knows this girl's temperament. He can therefore judge whether the suicide threat is a serious one, or just a blackmailing attempt to make him marry her. If he thinks it is serious he should inform her parents. They would be able to watch her.

The girl should also be advised to see her doctor, so that he can prescribe something for her sleeplessness. Insomnia is a curse and makes its victims look at everything in the blackest way. If that is cured she will probably take a more sensible view of the future.

MY third problem is in a different vein. My correspondent says:

I am asking you to solve my, or should I say, our problem. As a boy of fourteen I went to France with my parents, and after staying there for thirteen years I have just returned as the representative of a French firm. The position given me is an excellent one with splendid prospects. I have one of the best of wives and we love each other very much, but she is French and wants to go back to her native country. What should I do?

Ought I to be firm and insist upon her staying with me in England or throw up my new position and return to France?

I can understand that this woman is attached to her old home and country. But her husband's welfare must also be considered. "Good positions with excellent prospects" are not easily found. And she should at least give her adopted country a trial.

After all, with the great facilities for travel she can be back again amongst her own folk in a few hours. Her husband should impress these facts upon her. He can promise, too, that she shall go home for holidays and that her people can visit her here. These things should reconcile her to the position.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

"The Greatest of These—"

In the Mire

TEN-YEAR-OLD Reggie is the eldest of six children, the youngest being one year old. Their ex-Service dad, who is hard-working and thrifty, was in regular employment until Christmas, 1934, when the clay pits where he worked closed. Now, through being unemployed, everything has gone against him. Out of his weekly allowance of 36s. he has found it so hard to meet his rent and rates and keep the kiddies fed that he says he is "deep in the mire."

But further ill-luck has come his way. One of his small boys, whilst playing indoors, fell on the iron fender, cutting his head severely, which meant doctor's bills. The lad has suffered so much through loss of blood and shock that he needs a lot of care and nourishing food, which his parents cannot provide.

Reggie's dad is cut to the heart not to be able to give the boy what he needs.

Donations earmarked "Reggie," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

NINE YEARS OF STOMACH TROUBLE

"Can eat and drink anything now"

For nine long years, Mr. Harry White, of Widcombe, Bath, suffered the agony and torture of stomach trouble. For nine years he searched for a cure in vain. Yet only a trial course of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder made him so much better that he feels as though he is "in heaven!" Read his amazing letter:

"For nine years I have been under doctors and several times in hospital, but got no satisfaction until a friend told me of a bad case which Maclean Brand Stomach Powder had cured. So I decided to give it a trial, and everyone is amazed at the difference in me. I can eat and drink anything now, and feel as if I am in heaven—after suffering so long it does not seem true!"

Such an experience as this must convince you that Maclean Brand can bring you the relief you long for. Get a bottle to-day, but refuse to have anything to do with cheap substitutes for the "signature" brand which have arisen through its wonderful record. Ask for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and see that the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" is on the bottle and carton. Never sold loose. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. (Advt.)

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She is only one among the thousands of women who, having found Palmolive so beneficial to the face have discovered how, as a bath soap, it protects the beauty of the arms, shoulders and back—keeps them soft and lovely. The rich Olive Oil lather cleanses and beautifies.
PALMOLIVE
Millions of women since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment. Thus in using Palmolive Soap in your daily bath you give to your body the skin freshness and beauty that Palmolive brings to your face.
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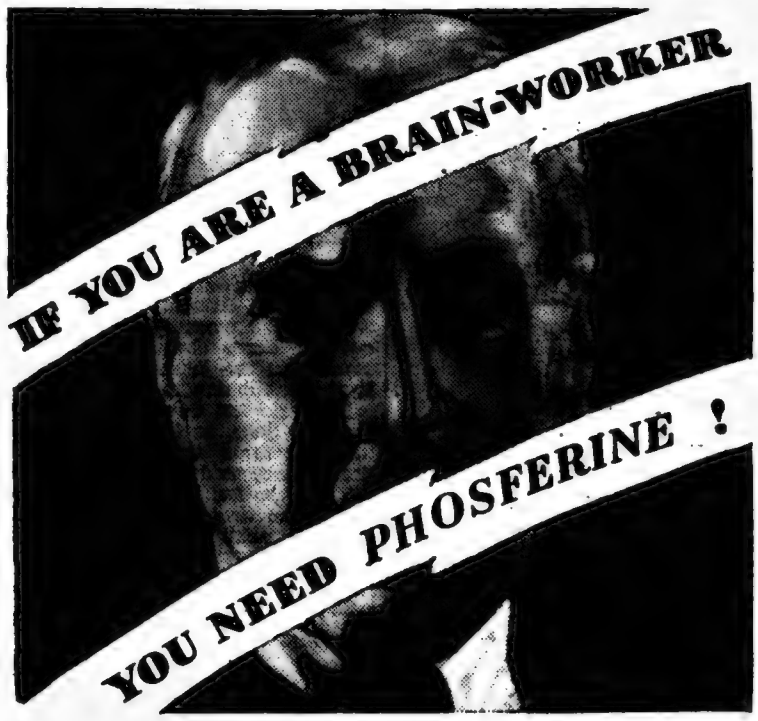

An accountant, perhaps?—a book-keeper?—an engineering draughtsman?—at any rate, engaged in work demanding a keen eye and a clear brain? Unquestionably you will derive benefit from PHOSFERINE. Even if unconscious of nervous debility, you will immediately be aware of lasting betterment.

PHOSFERINE is essentially a nerve tonic. The brain is the nerve centre, the telephone exchange of the entire system, and that which renews nervous vitality, restores and reinvigorates the brain. The greater the strain of life or labour, the greater the need for the nerve-nourishment PHOSFERINE so surely provides. Bear in mind, too, that PHOSFERINE is not merely a cure for neurasthenia in any form. It is equally effective as a preventive. Every man and woman should take a course of it occasionally. Start NOW!

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TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

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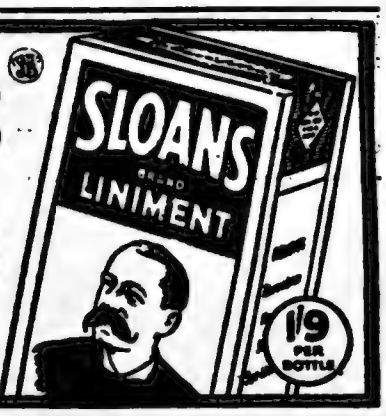

The Sweep chewed a FEEN-A-MINT & constipation "flew!"

Feen-a-mint is the favourite family laxative; thorough and safe; delicious mint flavour. Get a packet from your chemist. For a free sample send your name and address and 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage) to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept.S3), 15, Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

MOTHERS LEARNING MANY USES OF 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

From the beginning of expectancy until baby is weaned. That's the time 'Milk of Magnesia' performs the greatest service for many women.

It relieves the expectant mother's nausea, heartburn, "morning sickness," inclination to vomit; helps her digestion. Its mild but effective laxative action assures regular bowel movement.

'Milk of Magnesia' is better than lime water for neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding. A teaspoonful of it does the work of half a pint of lime water. It is a mild laxative; harmless, and almost tasteless.

Of all chemists. Prices: 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 1/- per box—family size bottle 2/-. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

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30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Write to John Bull About It—

TO THE EDITOR—

A coroner says that 'bus drivers are always in a hurry. But why don't the authorities look at the time-tables?

I am a 'bus driver myself, and my mates and I are members of the Safety First Association, but to us that seems just a mockery. Our manager has cut the times down so much that we cannot do the journeys without driving to the public danger.

If we do not do this we are likely to lose our jobs, so the madness goes on until there is a serious accident and protests are made—when it is too late.

When we finish the day's work we go home like drunken men, and a lot of us are cracking up under the strain. Indeed, our men are always entering hospital for treatment; one died there this week.

Why do the police allow this excessive speeding?

DRIVER.

Disgusting

Much has been done to ensure cleaner methods of serving our foodstuffs, such as the wrapping of bread, the sealed packets of sugar, fruit and other commodities. But no one seems to notice the very unhealthy habit of "licking the fingers" to pick up the paper in which we get butter, sweets, and so on.

How many little children are infected with disease by this disgusting practice? And why not "Do not lick" warnings in all shops?

We are constantly reminded not to spit in public places and we should not allow what amounts to the same thing to happen on the very paper in which our food is put.

HYGIENIC, Doncaster.

The Other Disabled

I am very pleased you have exposed the terrible conditions which must be endured by those maimed in industry—those whom you call "the Other Disabled."

Last year I had the misfortune to have both my legs broken at work. Since then I have had the sum of £1 4s. 2d. per week to keep my wife and myself.

I sincerely trust that your efforts to rouse the nation to the deplorable plight of its injured workpeople will meet with success.

CRIPPLED, South Wales.

Defaulting Husbands

What redress, under the new debtors law, has the wife whose husband fails to keep up his payments on a separation order?

That order is made according to the man's earnings, and he can have it varied if his position alters, yet now he cannot be sent to prison if he defaults.

Whether the man pays or not, the wife still has to keep a home together somehow, and it is not fair she should carry the burden alone when the man helped to make that burden. If you were in the courts sometimes and saw the haggard, harassed faces of the women you would wonder how they manage. I am sure I do.

(Mrs.) S. GORE, London, E.

[Our correspondent is mistaken. Husbands who can afford to pay wife maintenance but neglect to do so are still liable to imprisonment. Only those who are genuinely unable to pay the full amount will obtain relief under the new regulations.—EDITOR.]

King George Memorial

May I suggest that the Empire should be allowed to subscribe to a fund to build, in the form of a bridge, a permanent memorial to our late beloved King.

The bridge would replace that revolting eyesore at Charing Cross and vie in magnificence with the Pont Alexandre III in Paris. The station should be moved to the other side of the river, and both station and bridge named George V, thus helping to make London a worthier capital of a great and rich Empire.

A. CHESTERTON, Leyton.

Coal Profits

The public is gladly paying an extra 3d. per bag for coal. In some districts the miner gets an extra 1s. per shift. Half a loaf is better than none and that 1s. will make a big difference to the miner's wife. But what has the owner got?

A few weeks ago you printed an article which mentioned that 2s. per ton or even a 1d. per bag would bring in £18,000,000 thus giving the miner his extra 2s. a shift. But 6s. a ton has gone on—so where are the extra millions?

We are not grumbling, but we don't like to think that the owner has come off best through the sympathy of the public.

A MINER.

Bumbledom

Many people think that those employed in poor law institutions have a very "cushy" time. They may be surprised to learn that the hours of duty of institution staffs range from fifty-six to eighty hours a week—and in some cases even more. Having been connected with the Poor Law since youth, I find that the spirit of bumbledom still reigns supreme in the minds of a number of our administrators.

JOHN BULL, which has ever been to the forefront in helping to alleviate the burdens of the poor, should take up the cudgels on behalf of those who tend the poor.

PROGRESS, Barnsley.

[*We have commented on this scandal from time to time.*—EDITOR.]

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT!

One guinea will be paid for the best letter and half-a-guinea for every other published Mark envelope "Readers' Parliament."

Safety Light

You commend what you call the "Blue Light o' Safety," the new mercury vapour electric discharge lamp. If this is to be the lamp of the future we may feel, as well as look, blue.

An even distribution of light, a ghostly blue light—yes, it achieves that; but as for throwing objects into "bold silhouette," that is exactly where, in my experience, it fails. Colour plays an important part in our recognition of things, and when their natural colours are transmogrified into something abnormal our recognition fails. Just notice how the red of a London 'bus is changed into a dull brown, and how objects are lost in a general monochrome.

I need say no more; seeing is believing, and your readers can see and judge for themselves.

W. DOWDEN, Wimbledon.

A MINER.

Spoiling the Child

There is a growing tendency to regard the old-fashioned motto of "Spare the rod, spoil the child" with disfavour, and to look upon it in the light of "Use the rod, spoil the child."

Surely the youth of the present day is not so soft that corporal punishment cannot be administered when necessary? It seems a sorry day for England if that is so.

In various accounts of the upbringing of the present King one can read that he was not exempt from being caned. I should have thought that this was a sufficient argument for its use. How many, if any, of the important men in life can honestly say that they have never been caned, that they did not deserve what they got?

I might add that I was caned no more and no less than the ordinary schoolboy, and I have never known any other effect of this than a beneficial one both to myself and to the others.

L. M. JACKSON, Limpsfield.

Proud of Them

Thank you for your protest to Mr. Duff Cooper, Minister for War. As an old soldier, with a record of service from 1879 to 1919, I strongly object to the Army—at any time during that period—being described as "the last resource of riff-raff." And I am proud of being the senior living representative of one of the oldest military families in the Empire.

The country was very glad to have the support of the old soldiers in 1914, and Lord Kitchener appreciated our value and worth when he appealed to us to "return and take up arms."

(Captain) ROBERT SMITH, Ilford.

No MORE GREY HAIR

Grey hair makes you look older than you are. Restore the natural colour of youth by using Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, does not soil the linen.—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 4/- per bottle; or post free from J.E. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT BETTY'S ENGAGEMENT
PRETTY, ISN'T SHE? DID YOU NOTICE HER LOVELY HANDS?
I WONDER WHAT HE THINKS OF MY HANDS!
I'M REALLY WORRIED ABOUT MY ROUGH HANDS, AUNTY
WHY DON'T YOU TRY "VASELINE" JELLY DEAR? JUST SMOOTH A LITTLE ON AT NIGHT
THREE WEEKS LATER
WHAT A DARLING RING, REG!
AND WHAT A DARLING HAND! SO SOFT AND SMOOTH!

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"HOUSEWORK HANDS"

Husbands don't like coarse, "housework" hands and wives who are wise don't have them. A little "Vaseline" Jelly applied every night makes all the difference — smooths away roughness, keeps your hands as soft as on your wedding day. Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

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Sent on Approbation for **1/-** Deposit.

This extremely useful business or Afternoon Dress is to-day offered at a price which makes it the outstanding Bargain of the season.

Material is All Wool Afgalaine and the design introduces the newest leg-of-mutton sleeve. Collar and bow of sand crepe matches white buttons and leather belt. Pleat at centre front allows ample walking room.

We will gladly send it, on home approval, for 1/- deposit, balance payable monthly. (See Coupon below.) Full price is **9/11** only.

You should not miss this wonderful opportunity — why not post Coupon NOW?

COLOURS—Royal Blue, Nut Brown, Kenya Red, Gloucester Green, and Light Navy.

SIZES—SW. 44, SW. 46, W. 46, W. 48, and WX. 48 inches. (WX. 1/- extra.)

K. 441 BARGAIN COUPON.

Please send me, on approval, Frock K.441, at Special Bargain Price of 9/11.

Size..... Colour.....

I enclose 1/- desposit, together with 6d. postage, and will pay balance either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/-. If I return Frock unworn, at once, you will refund deposit. Enclose Coupon, full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address and P.O. crossed thus / / in ink.

Overseas, full cash only.

"John Bull" 15/2/36. No. 509.

Send at once to—

AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 509, Ambrose House, 66, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

He thinks his overcoat a pest
But Zubes will guard his throat & chest.

Go—suck a ZUBE

Zubes contain Aniseed, Liquorice, Menthol, Friar's Balsam and other tried and homely remedies that are 'best for throat and chest'.

In flat tins 3d. and 6d.
2½d. per ounce loose.

TERRIBLE LEG

Grazed through Accident

Healed By

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Edgbaston, Birmingham.

Dear Sirs,

It is out of sheer gratitude that I feel I must write to you. Through an accident I grazed my shin bone very badly about 5 inches in length. I treated it very lightly at first but in a fortnight I had a terrible leg. The pain was awful and prevented sleep, so at last I decided on Germolene. After a few applications of your wonderful ointment the pain ceased and after a few weeks' steady treatment my leg is now quite well and sound again. I write this to express my thanks to you.

—(Signed) Mr. Wm. L.

FREE BOOK

Every Skin Victim is offered an ENTIRELY FREE COPY of an expert's book on "SKIN INFECTIONS." It tells you the home treatment of all skin complaints. No obligation . . . no cost. Send a postcard INSTANTLY to—Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.322, Manchester.

GREAT OFFER!

PROVE the Power of Germolene. Get a 1/3 Tin. Use it ALL! If you are not delighted with the result, return the empty outside carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., and your money will be REFUNDED.

GERMOLENE

Is now obtainable in a

NEW 6D SIZE

In addition to the Standard Tins. Price

1/3, 3/- & 12/-, Tubes 4/6

THE BIG TWO

NO AGENTS — WRITE DIRECT

SECURE LONG ODDS NOW

Send for Price List for the

LINCOLN

AND

NATIONAL

The Great Spring Double.

One Shilling up to any amount can be invested by letter in accordance with rules.

DAILY LETTER COMMISSIONS

bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race in accordance with rules will be on at Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

SEND AT ONCE FOR

ENGLISH CUP

LONG ODDS PRICE LIST

AND

'CHALLENGER' FIXED-PRICE LISTS

Six Leagues — Nothing Barred

ALL POSTAGE PAID

Please send your Lists. I am over 21 years of age.

Name .....

J.B 15/2/36

Address .....

Town .....

County .....

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE L^TD

227 BATH ST GLASGOW C2

Amused (Manchester).—"A music-hall acrobat I saw the other day turns a somersault and lands in a tank of water." We know where he got that idea from!

The Editor Laughs Last

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

ORGANIST (Chester).—"Even the singing of a kettle is music." Hot music?

EMPLOYER (Perth).—"No man is paid to rest at his job." You forget our heavy-weight boxers.

INVESTOR (Hove).—"Can you tell me of a business which would hold something in store for me?" A furniture depository.

FARE (Wanstead).—"I felt a fool on the bus when I felt in my pockets and realised I had left all my money at home." You would much rather have felt a penny.

MR. S. (Morton).—"I gave a poor-looking man 10s. 'Never Despair,' I said, but I learned later that he wasn't poor at all." Why—did "Never Despair" lose?

TEACHER (Bromley).—"I am teaching the same things as I was twenty years ago. Our educational system is extremely backward." Or your pupils.

F. L. (Derby).—"For a great athlete and runner he has the quickest temper of any man I know." A cross-country runner?

AIRMAN (Croydon).—"It is necessary to have strong arms to control a parachute." But not so necessary as it is to have a parachute.

B. W. (Rusholme).—"My girl was very annoyed because I was unable to vault the horse in the gymnasium." We hope she didn't throw you over.

BUSINESS MAN (Kenton).—"I have no patience with men who run to the station every morning. After all, where does it get them?" The station.

FISHMONGER (Leith).—"When I lifted the fourteen-pound cod it gave a slight wriggle and then was lifeless." Stone dead.

D. R. (Birmingham).—"I am such a determined man that I can do anything." We should like to see you slam a revolving door.

SALESMAN (Eastbourne).—"I was doing very well with a well-known brand of refrigerator, but since a rival firm has invaded my territory I have done nothing." You've been frozen out.

TEA PLANTER (Park Lane).—"When my vacations have numbered a round dozen I intend to write a volume of memoirs on them." But it takes more than twelve leaves to make a book.

MRS. V. T. (Ilford).—"I heard of a boy who took his mother home a yard of elastic as a present on her birthday." Probably his money wouldn't stretch to anything more.

HEALTH (Brighton).—"Which is the least popular watering-place?" Our garden.

D. L. (Dover).—"Women are jubilant that curves are to be fashionable again." Hip, hip!

COOK (Mayfair).—"When preparing poultry I always get rid of the giblets as soon as possible." You throw them out neck and crop.

M. R. (Finsbury).—"After living in a house from birth for thirty-five years there is something very touching about changing one's address." It is moving.

ANXIOUS (Hayes).—"I am sure she doesn't care a rap." Try a ring.

TRAVELLER (Hampstead).—"In my opinion, Madrid is the cleanest and tidiest city in Europe." Spick and Spanish?

SWIMMER (Watford).—"What is the best way to overcome nervousness when about to dive in?" Leap before you look.

B. H. (Hayes).—"I get very angry when anyone keeps jogging the table on which I'm writing." You shake with annoyance.

V. B. (Boston).—"When I took up the trombone, I practised seriously until I became a proficient player." You went to any length to get the right note?

S. T. B. (Chester).—"Conjurors often fail the first time just to make it appear more difficult than it actually is." It's a trick they have.

ORCHESTRA (Herne Bay).—"If I don't play my violin for a week, I find that my wrist has become stiff." Not enough play, as it were.

VICTIM (Weybridge).—"What would you call a man who because he knows something about you compels you to pay large sums of money?" A collector of income-tax.

S. W. (Leeds).—"Bagpipes frighten some people." Scots, however, put the wind up bagpipes.

BOXER (Bermondsey).—"There is nothing counts more than morale in a boxing bout." Except the referee.

B. M. (Bude).—"It is necessary for a matador to make quick decisions." Yes, he who hesitates is tossed.

NURSE (Swansea).—"I first met my husband after he had been in a motor smash." From bandage to bondage.

F. H. (Hoxton).—"I read that a navvy was married in his working clothes the other day." Yes, his pick was on his arm.

WILLIE K. (Holyhead).—"A young fellow who looks back is done for." You mean the girl is almost bound to get him?

P. T. B. (Luton).—"How many passengers will the *Queen Mary* be able to carry?" The answer's 2,550—and that includes you and a companion, despite the £2,000 cash in your pocket! See pages 45 and 47.

CURIOUS (Reading).—"When a heavy-weight boxer appears in an important fight, which members of his staff come out first?" The seconds.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

The Fragrant Minute

WORTHWHILE DAY

WHEN the evening shadows fall, ask yourself one thing, that's all—was the day worth while? Did you put your very best in your work? (Ah, that's the test!) Work in gallant style?

Did you use your eyes aright, noting every lovely sight, rejoicing you could see? Did you look with humble gaze feeling deep desire to praise a blade of grass, a tree?

Did you laugh and sing a song? Did you help to right a wrong, make a sad face smile? Help another up a hill, strengthened by your stronger will—then was the day worth while.

Wilhelmina Stitch

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

W. O. (Stockport).—"I'm a teetotaler, non-smoker and a vegetarian and to-morrow I celebrate my ninety-third birthday." How?

PLEASED (Worthing).—"What do you think I had when the suit arrived which my wife had ordered without my knowledge?" A fit.

F. B. C. (Margate).—"A bald man doesn't like raising his hat on a cold day." But courtesy generally prevails and he grins and bares it.

B. C. (Newmarket).—"A jockey realises that if he eats too much he will not be able to ride any more." So he takes care not to put *a la carte* before the horse.

TYPIST (Clerkenwell).—"What do you think my employer told me to do because I continually complained about the damp office?" Dry up.

J. T. B. (Erith).—"Yesterday morning I spent repairing my fence, but I simply hated doing it." You found it a rotten job?

A. G. (Ripon).—"Enough publicity is not given to the wonderful food value of fish and chips." Why, the newspapers are full of it.

MAUD (Paddington).—"He gave me a toy telescope to look through, and it left a dirty mark around my eye." So you gave him a black look?

V. L. (Bude).—"I fell from the scaffolding and landed among the paint pots." You must have added quite a splash of colour to the scene.

JOYCE (Cornwall).—"I am going to a fancy-dress ball and have decided upon a costume supposed to be a grape-fruit." You should certainly give them an eyeful.

G. L. (Taunton).—"During the floods ducks swam over several cricket grounds." Many batsmen fear this is an ominous omen for their scores when the season starts.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

TORBAY HERALD AND EXPRESS:—"The SLIMY-cut bodice finished in a round neck . . ."

DEAN FOREST GUARDIAN:—"Though he married shortly after DEMOLITION, he had for the past 16 years lived with his widowed mother."

CYCLING:—"Double-gent.'s tandem, VERY LITTLE USE, £9; seen by appointment."

LIVERPOOL WEEKLY POST:—"After rounding the Horn we ran into a heavy WESTERLY gale from the NORTH."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—". . . a man who was alleged to have fired a RUMMY revolver at him . . ."

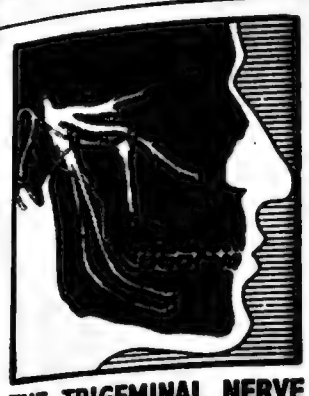
THE SWANAGE TIMES AND DIRECTORY:—"The effort will be repeated early in the New Year—on July 7 . . ."

THE BERWICKSHIRE NEWS:—"He called at the Parochial HELL where he saw defendant."

FOR

full details of an amazing and original Triple Gift see the grand March issue of "Woman's Fair"—Out next Thursday, February 20th. Order your copy to-day, 6d. only.

KNOW YOUR NERVES!

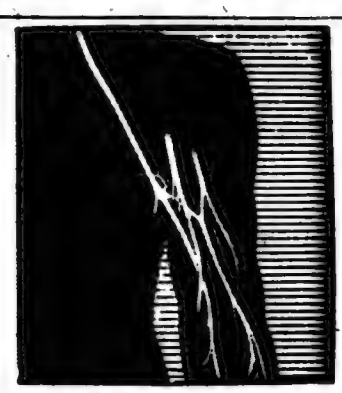


THE TRIGEMINAL NERVE

That splitting Headache—Facial Neuralgia—or Pain in either Jaw—is caused by your Trigeminal Nerve, the most important head nerve. It is warning you that your vitality is low, your nerves need help. You need a course of Dr. Cassells famous Tablets.

THE ORBITAL NERVE

Eyestrain, headaches, pain behind eyes, and certain other eye troubles mean that your Orbital Nerve is irritated, overworked or undernourished. This Nerve controls your eyes and eye-muscles, and often gives the first intimation of Nerve Starvation.



THE RADIAL NERVE

Acute pains in shoulder, arm or wrist, are often caused by your Radial Nerve. A chill or a strain may start inflammation of the nerve, setting up stiffness, burning and stabbing pains. These symptoms are a warning of General Nerve Weakness.

THE GASTRIC NERVES

Pains after eating, Flatulence, Acidity, Restless Nights and Nervous Indigestion are signs of weakened Gastric Nerves. Stomach Powders and Antacids are useless when inflamed Gastric Nerves are to blame. You must put *all* your nerves right, because one painful nerve shows that every nerve is weakening. You must take Dr. Cassells Tablets.

Over-work . . Worry . . then NERVE CRISIS

Nerve trouble shows in many different ways. It may be Depression, Debility or Irritability that is your trouble, or you may have "Indigestion," Neuritis, Rheumatism, "Kidney Trouble," Neuralgia or Sciatica. These, and many other widespread and persistent ailments, are signs of the almost universal disorder of the present age—NERVES.

Perhaps your nerves are overworked—perhaps irritated by tissue-poisons—perhaps starved of essential nutritive elements.

Probably all three evils are operating at once. You cannot go on like this for long. You are approaching a NERVE CRISIS. Unless you act at once and treat your nerves it will mean **Nervous Breakdown**—followed by a compulsory, expensive "holiday"—perhaps a life of misery.

This fear haunts thousands—never really strong—often "crocking up"—always taking medicines—working in suffering and misery. Yet they could soon remove the basic cause—Nerve Weakness—and prove once again that there is wonderful health in Dr. Cassells Tablets.

New Health for All in Dr. Cassells Nerve Treatment

There are 19 different ingredients in Dr. Cassells Tablets and every one is necessary. Selected as a result of long medical experience, and combined in exact balanced proportions, they work all together—an irresistible power for promoting good health even in conditions thought to be hopeless. There is no secrecy about these ingredients. These are some of them:—

Powerful Foods for Nerves: Glycerophosphates, Hypophosphites and Phosphates, all containing Phosphorus, the essential element of Brain and Nerve Tissues. They give you Nerve Strength—make you master of your nerves.

Powerful Nerve Revitalisers: Kolæ Semina, Caffeine and Theo-bromine to steady the nerves and restore strength immediately. They give you calm confidence, refresh the brain, and dispel fatigue.

Powerful Digestives: Pepsin and other stomachics to digest your food for you, quickly and *completely*. They banish Nervous Indigestion, ease Irritated Gastric Nerves and eliminate clogging impurities.

Powerful Blood Formers: Salts of Iron, Calcium and Manganese, to overcome Anæmia and give you plentiful rich red blood to nourish all your tissues. A Special Purifier cleanses the Blood Stream.

Dr. Cassells Tablets are a *complete* medicine, attacking the cause of Nerves and Weakness from all angles at once. You cannot take them without benefiting.—Get a box to-day and feel better to-morrow.

FAIR-PLAY OFFER

You do not risk a penny. Simply buy a 1/3 box and save the Carton. If you are not entirely satisfied, post the Carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, and your 1/3 will be refunded. Could anything be fairer?

Prices **6D, 1/3, 3/-, AND 5/-**

Study These NERVOUS SYMPTOMS

SPLITTING HEAD PAINS, NEURITIS, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, INDIGESTION, ACIDITY, LOSS OF APPETITE, SLEEPLESSNESS, ANÆMIA, DEBILITY, IRRITABILITY, HYSTERIA, NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

In all these cases a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets for the Nerves will bring speedy and lasting benefit.

Dr. CASSELL'S TABLETS

BRAND

the Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

NEW PRIZES ADDED TO 'JOHN BULL'S' HUGE OFFER FOR 'DIAGON' CROSSWORDS!

PENSION AND FORTUNE FIRST PRIZE

30/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £500

Closing noon Thurs. Feb. 20

£500 GIANT PRIZE FOR RUNNERS-UP

ENTERTAINING NEW SURPRISE AWARDS one with each prize of £1 and over in this contest

PRESENTED on this page is the fifth of JOHN BULL'S new "Diagon" Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL,

Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A., Goldsmiths' Reader in English, Oxford University, and—

Mr. C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, Head of Department of Philosophy, Birkbeck College, University of London.

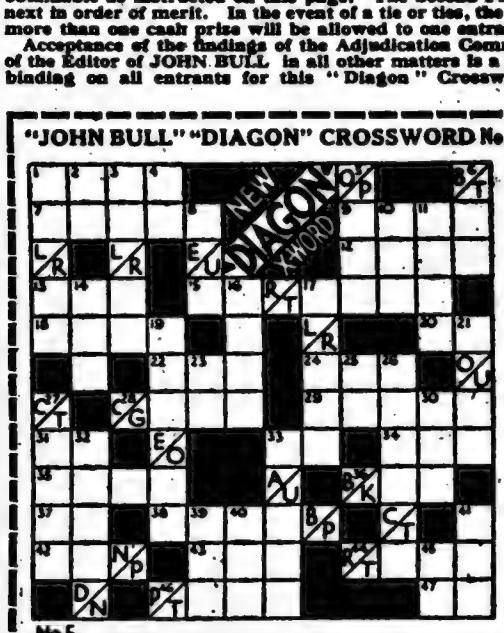
"Diagon" Crosswords take their name from a new feature in these puzzles. You will find that a number of squares are divided by a diagonal stroke and contain two given letters. In order to complete your Puzzle, first fill in all non-divided squares with the most apt and accurate Answers available. Coming then to the divided squares, note that only words that employ one of the given letters in them are to be considered. At each of such points, to indicate your choice of words made on the basis directed, you have merely to strike out in ink the letter rejected and leave untouched that letter which completes the word you have chosen by reason of its aptness and accuracy.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle and has given what in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning PuzzleSquare appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, March 5th, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this "Diagon" Crossword Competition. *(Patent applied for.)*

"JOHN BULL" "DIAGON" CROSSWORD No. 5 Closing (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 20, 1936



No.5

No.5

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED.....

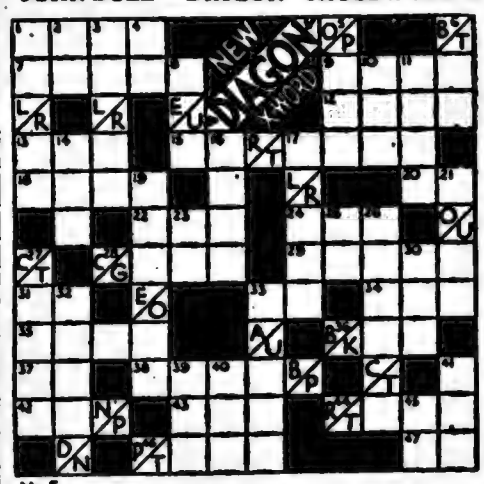
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" "DIAGON" CROSSWORD No. 5 Closing (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 20, 1936



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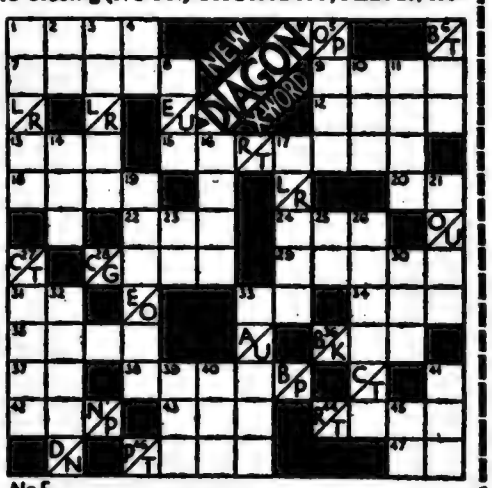


No.5

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

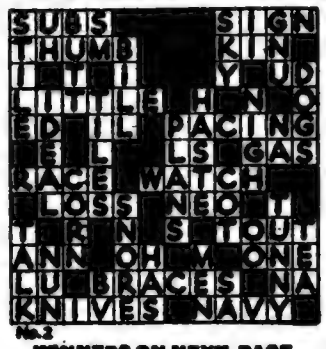
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "DIAGON" CROSSWORD NO. 5, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

"DIAGON" No. 2



No.2

WINNERS ON NEXT PAGE

The most meritorious Answers used by Competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those shown in the Square above.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Diagon Crossword No. 2 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette."

GET THIS FREE HELP In addition to valuable "Reasons Why" guidance, the "Crossword Gazette" provides Entry Squares on fine paper, all the Crossword news and other constructive aid—entirely free!

Secure your weekly supply by enclosing with your Crossword entry the Reservation Form for "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets" Bulletin on page 46.

★ THIS COMPETITION IS OPEN TO ALL READERS

STUDY THESE CLUES.

ACROSS

1. Square ones don't fit round holes
7. Putting to some purpose
9. Type of engine fitted to aircraft
12. Tea is brought in on this
13. Sun in solarium
15. Time is important when playing these
18. Where Wise Men came from
20. Both ends of hoop
22. Colour—and often goes with cry
24. Begins opportunity in shopping
28. Expanding trade makes a country do this
29. Circus comedian
31. Tail of carp
33. End of talk in Kilkenny
34. What hens do for a living
35. More than half of Albania
36. Raising one is often costly
37. Mother in smash
38. May incapacitate boxer in fight
42. Often accounts for baby's bowling
43. Decapitate wasp
44. Motorists who haven't had this may well be dangerous
46. They keep mother busy in the kitchen
47. Part of voyage in oyster

DOWN

1. Sandy had a stronger one after losing his sixpence
2. In both failures and successes
3. Poor fish are often hooked by
4. Both ends of salmon
5. You may encounter trouble if you don't keep to it
6. Is apt to fail if working mechanically
8. Paste is often a good substitute for this
10. Before in hereafter
11. Such a man is found in crash
14. It's difficult to row a boat with only one
16. Afresh
17. Easily gets run down
19. Often gives warning of impending danger
21. Describes horse kiddies learn to ride upon
23. Undo at both ends
25. Part of people in Poplar
26. Such men deserve respect
27. Sometimes makes things awkward for bather without warning
30. Small piece of wadding
32. Highlander's tunic is usually this
33. These in a road make motorists slow down
39. Remove both ends of chain
40. Employ in buses
41. Parker's home
45. Half sold in Soho

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

TWO SHARE £1,000

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, February 20.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry-fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

If neither letter in a diagonally divided square has been deleted in ink, whole Puzzle Square will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

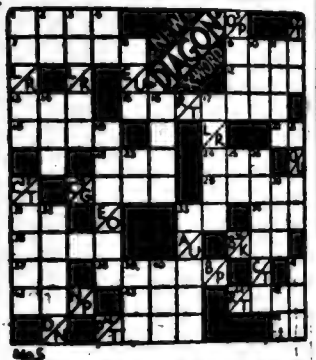
3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 5. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday March 10, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £500. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the number of words which, in answering the Clues given, agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should First Prize be shared, £1,000 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one award.

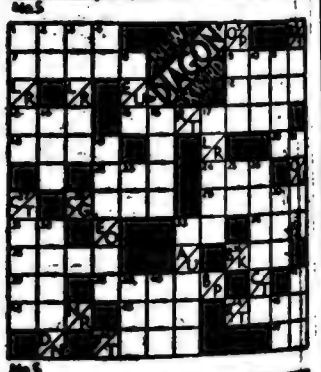
5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

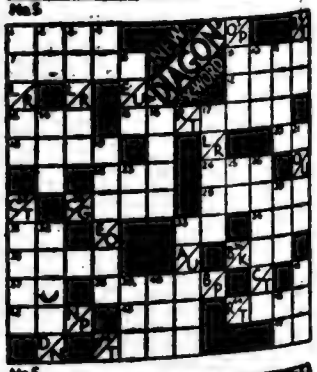
COPY SQUARES Squares below are for your copies —not accepted as entries.



No.5



No.5



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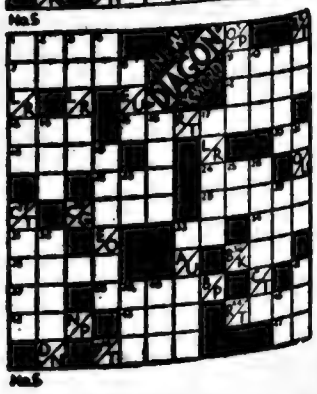


No.5

TWO SHARE £1,000 CASH IN "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 2

In connection with "John Bull" "Diagon" Crossword No. 2, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on the Square (see page 44) were those submitted by the following two competitors, who share the £1,000 offered as First Prize.

A. Bean, 126, St. Thomas Road, Gosport, Hants.

Mrs. C. Burrows, 37, Cleveland View, Ackworth, Yorks.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £500 will be sent to each of them.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, February 18, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between the following 19 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £5 5s. 4d.

H. Budd, 37, Craigerne Road, Blackheath, S.E.; C. Burrows, 37, Cleveland View, Ackworth; J. T. Cogger, Bell Lane, Ditton, Maidstone, Kent; W. Corson, Hockley Heath, Birmingham; G. A. Evans, Five Arches, Tenby; A. E. Farmer, Lorrimore, Minster; S. A. Foley, 21, Portree Close, Liverpool; Mrs. E. Fountain, 4, Dalton Square, Coventry; J. Horswood, 35, Gerald Avenue, Chatham; J. S. Jarrett, 147, The Grove, Hammersmith; P. M. Johnston, 6, Cherington Road, Hanwell; J. Lead, 50, Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, N.; M. Neill, 109, Newbigging, Musselburgh; F. Olivant, Willowdene, Gainsborough; G. A. Peake, 44, Oakdale Road, Leytonstone, E.11; J. Rogansky, 133, Broadgreen Road, Liverpool; L. C. Taylor, 71, Norman Avenue, Nuneaton; T. J. Wilson, 93, Oxford Grove, Bolton; J. Witherden, 10, Rushby Mead, Letchworth.

In addition to their cash award, each of the two competitors sharing the First Prize and 19 competitors who divide the Prize for Runners-up will receive a Giant 10-in-1 Hamper.

HUGE £1,000 OFFER

WOULD YOU LIKE A FREE SAMPLE of BLANCMANGE?

THEN SEIZE This SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY NOW—Before it's too late!

HOUSEWIVES! Here's a unique present for you! A large free sample of Bird's famous Blancmange, enough for three full pints, in three flavours! This delicious packet of Bird's Blancmange is yours for the asking. All you have to do to get it is to send your name and address and part of an empty packet of Bird's Custard to Bird's, Dept. J., 57, Thames House, Millbank, London. Offer appears on page 57. Cut this out for your immediate attention.

MAKE CERTAIN OF YOUR FAMILY'S FUTURE

It can be done—easily, safely. Read page 18 and get particulars FREE and without obligation. Turn to p. 18 *NOW* and fill in the Coupon while you think of it!

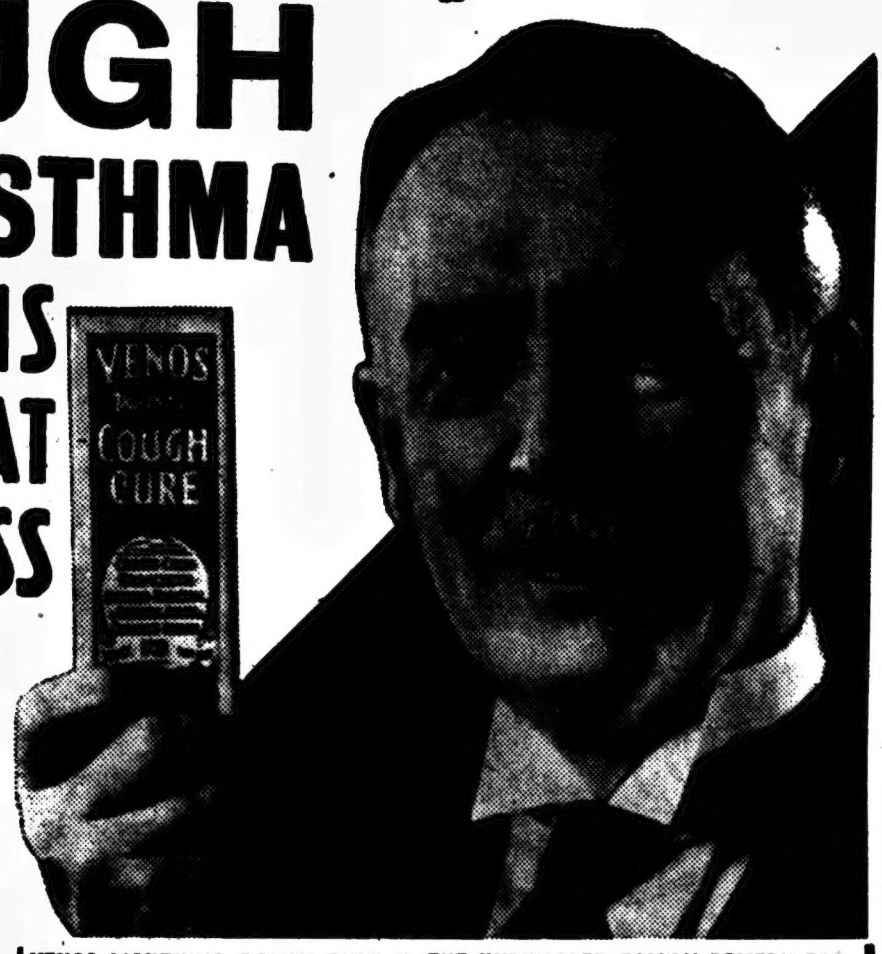
A HOME PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

For only Ten Monthly Payments of £1!

WRITE FOR FREE PARTICS.

A Remington Noiseless Portable Typewriter can be yours to-day for an easy system of small monthly payments. Think what a boon this finest of Home Portable typewriters can be! Get full particulars of the unique offer announced on page 34 by filling in and posting the Coupon, or write, mentioning "John Bull," to Remington Typewriter Co., Ltd., 100, Gresham Street, London, E.C.2.

This Will Stop Your COUGH COLD, ASTHMA BRONCHITIS SORE THROAT HOARSENESS



If you have a cough, take Venos Lightning Cough Cure. For Bronchial troubles it is unrivalled.

When a tickling in the throat indicates that a cold is coming, take Venos. You will be saved hours of discomfort and distress, you will obtain real rest at night, and escape the possibility of serious illness. All over the world Venos is acknowledged to be wonderful for Throat and Chest troubles.

In Bronchitis, the dry, hard cough is eased immediately—the bronchial passages are soothed, the membrane is healed, the Cough vanishes because the cause is gone.

In the case of Asthma there is marvellous relief; the passages soothed by the healing balsams which Venos Lightning Cough Cure contains, quickly respond to its curative influence; and the severity of the attacks is at once reduced.

In Catarrhal Asthma you have a cure in Venos because experience has proved that the discharge decreases with every dose.

For children it is the ideal remedy. It quickly cures children's Bronchitis and Whooping Cough.

The whole composition of Venos Lightning Cough Cure is a really wholesome mixture of approved Balsamic remedies, having direct influence on Coughs, Throat and Chest troubles.

VENOS LIGHTNING COUGH CURE IS THE UNRIVALLED FAMILY REMEDY FOR

COUGHS	BRONCHITIS	BRONCHIAL or
COLDS	SORE THROAT	CATARRHAL
INFLUENZA	HOARSENESS	ASTHMA
CATARRH	WHOOPING	CHILDREN'S
ASTHMA	COUGH	COUGHS

The Lightning-like action of Venos Lightning Cough Cure is your surest protection against complications! Its supreme efficacy is your reliable safeguard.

CURES Your COUGH or COSTS You NOTHING

Venos *Lightning* Cough Cure Challenges the world. It cures your Cough or costs you nothing! If you suffer from Cough, Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis, 'Flu or any Respiratory Disorder, obtain a bottle at once. If it doesn't stop your cough return the empty carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, and we will refund your money without the slightest hesitation. What could be fairer?

VENOS BRAND
Lightning
COUGH CURE

1½d. & 1/3 Large Family Size 3/-

HISTORIC 'BULLETS' 'QUEEN MARY' OFFER

'BULLETS' HUGE FIRST PRIZE

£2,000 CASH - plus

SECOND PRIZE

£500 CASH - plus

THIRD PRIZE

£200 CASH - plus

SENSATIONAL EXTRA PRIZE

OF LUXURY TRAVEL FOR TWO TO NEW YORK AND BACK ON FIRST ATLANTIC CROSSING OF

S.S. "QUEEN MARY"

Leaving Southampton on May 27, with 5 days' stay in New York at "John Bull's" expense with hotel, all sight-seeing tours and amusements provided. Returning by S.S. "Queen Mary" reaching Southampton on Wednesday, June 10.

ADDITIONAL AWARD OF

£50 POCKET MONEY FOR EACH WINNER OF 'QUEEN MARY' TICKETS

Sail to New York on the Maiden Voyage of S.S. "Queen Mary"

TO win an enormous prize of £2,000 cash, sufficient to keep you and yours in comfort and security for years to come—what a staggering reward for a few words that would be!

But to-day JOHN BULL brings within your reach an even finer prize, for with this mighty fortune goes his invitation to the winner to sail with a companion to New York on the maiden voyage of R.M.S. *Queen Mary*.

Moreover, this thrilling opportunity is not merely for the £2,000 winner only, but will also augment the huge Second Prize of £500 *and* the increased Third Prize of £200! A special award of £50 Pocket-money has been set aside for the use of each of these winners on their wonder cruise.

Close your eyes and for a few minutes picture yourself and a chosen companion embarking at Southampton for a fortnight's millionaire's trip to America and back.

Imagine yourself discovering the marvels of New York as JOHN BULL's guests, revelling in the voyage home again in the *Queen Mary*—and telling your friends all about your wonder trip as you settle down to enjoy the proceeds of that *Bullets* cheque.

Two, three or four simple but well-chosen words are all that are needed to capture one of these historic *Queen Mary* awards—and there is no reason why one of these three *Bullets* which head the prize-list should not come from your pen.

In view of the sensational nature of the three principal prizes in this colossal *Bullets* Offer, not one but three Joy Wires will be despatched to winners on Friday, March 13—just think what a thrill one of these magic messages would bring to you!

13,070 OTHER DOUBLE PRIZES

No *Bullets* Offer of the past has ever combined so many unusual additions to a monster prize-list as the giant Contest before you on these pages.

A fine array of substantial cheques supports the three huge *Queen Mary* prizes—and to each of these a £5 Celebration Cheque will be added on May 27.

Every one of those 1,000 half-crown prizes carries with it a Surprise Award to arrive on May 27—and also a Bonus Award value 10s. if recipient has qualified by using one of the Free Coupons provided on the opposite page.

A host of 12,000 attractive new 2-in-1 prizes complete a prize-list without parallel in Competitions of to-day. If you want a place amongst that long list of winners, begin on your *Queen Mary Bullets* without delay, for they must reach JOHN BULL by Saturday, February 29.

COUPONS AND "EXAMPLES" ON OPPOSITE PAGE

MARVELS OF YOUR WONDER SHIP

LET us take a preliminary look round the Queen Mary, the Wonder Ship in which it may well be your privilege to sail—provided you grasp the magnificent opportunity offered you by JOHN BULL *to-day.*

There are eight decks for us to inspect, and they hold covered and open promenades, galleries, observation lounges and shops.

A walk on the main promenade deck takes us through the ship's shopping street, past the church, through a palm grove into a cocktail bar. There are two acres of deck space for walking and playing games.

Nine double-decked 'buses, with three Royal Scot engines on top of them, could pass through the first-class lounge, which has a huge stage for concerts and is wired for talkies, being used as one of three cinemas aboard.

You will be able to ring up home on the telephone from mid-Atlantic, for the Queen Mary has two radio stations, each working simultaneously, and a third for emergency use.

She will carry a crew of 1,268 and 2,550 passengers. Her total weight exceeds 73,000 tons—15,000 tons more than the entire Armada.

The height from her keel to the top of her forward funnel would dwarf St. Paul's Cathedral, cross and all.

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with "BULLETS" AND CROSSWORDS USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORDS

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

OVER 13,070 DOUBLE PRIZES

MUST BE WON

All Cheques £5

£50 £40 £30 £25

£20 £19 £18 £17

£16 £15 £14 £13 £12 £11

£10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5

START NOW

ENTER "BULLETS" —JUST COUPONS BELOW

• 50 of £1, EACH WITH UNIQUE SURPRISE ON MAY 27
• 1,000 of 2/6 ALSO WITH MAY 27 SURPRISE
• 12,000 NEW 2-in-1 PRIZES

★ GREAT NEW ADDITIONAL ATTRACTION — USE OF GIFT COUPON BELOW ENTITLES EACH 2/6 WINNER TO BONUS AWARD VALUE 10/-

How to Win

TO produce an effort worthy of a colossal 2-in-1 "Queen Mary" prize, go through the list provided on this page and write down, say, half a dozen *Examples* that strike you as particularly promising. Then add all the rough comments you can think of in close connection with each of these chosen *Examples*.

A *Bullet*, remember, must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, neatly linked to the *Example chosen*, so your next step is to condense and polish these rough ideas into finished *Bullets*.

For instance, against the *Example*, VOICE OF THE NATION, your first jotting might well be "*Broadcasts*" *The People's Will*. From that simple idea you could readily produce the completed *Bullet*, VOICE OF THE NATION—"BROADCAST" OFFICIALDOM *Doesn't* CONTROL.

Before starting on your own efforts, pay close attention to the good points of the winning *Bullets* in the latest result below. Then you will be ready to turn out a *Bullet* that can send you off on the *Queen Mary's* historic maiden voyage, with a huge £2,000 fortune safely in the bank and £50 extra pocket-money as a parting gift from JOHN BULL.

Do not delay starting on your *Bullets*, for to be amongst this Contest's 13,070 winners, your entry must reach the judges by Saturday, February 29.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

THE "QUEEN MARY"
VOICE OF THE NATION
MUSSOLINI'S MISTAKE
READY TO FIGHT
THE BULLDOG WOKE UP AND
ALL WE CAN DO
A LITTLE MORE
"NO, THANKS!"
WITH SONNY'S HELP
LITTLE AND GOOD
HALF THE TIME
CONVICT SYKES
SURE TO SUCCEED
CHEATING THE PUBLIC

FREE MAN	SWAMPED
OUR KING	LEARNING
WRONG ROAD	GONE
ABOUT HER	ANOTHER JOB
TO SAVE	BUSINESS
LIKE A CAT	STRIKES
HELD UP	OFF DUTY
HEARTBROKEN	PARENTS
SATISFIED	MY DENTIST

IN THE CLOUDS
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC
IT'S LEAP YEAR, SO
GETTING ALONG NICELY
WHAT HE OWES
HE'S AMBITIOUS, SO
WHEN DAD TRIED
THE YEARS ROLLED PAST, BUT
DARBY AND JOAN
BLOW FOR BRITAIN
MANKIND'S FAILING
COUNTS A LOT
WHY BE SAD, WHEN
CIVILISED NATION
SOON FOLLOWS
IN THE RIGHT

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1015

First Prize, £500 Plus £225 Savings Certificates:

W. WALKER, 23, Ramshill Road, Scarborough.

Example: WORTH BACKING
Bullet: MONARCHY—KEEPS YOU "MONARCH."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Typewriter:
V. BLAMIRES, 7, Leyburne Street, Bradford.
Example: Away From Her
Bullet: I'd Soon "Slip Back."

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Typewriter:
L. L. KIRK, 58? Mortimer Crescent, Worcester Park, Surrey.
Example: No Playground
Bullet: Present Roads—"Present" Fields!

FOURTH PRIZE, £10 plus Typewriter:
W. POWLES, 23, Leeson Road, Bournemouth.
Away From Her—He's Unhappy—Happy Man!

10 PRIZES OF £5 and Typewriter:

J. ALLAN, 76, Ashley Road, Aberdeen.
In Poverty Street—Taxpayer "Parked" Between "Drives."

Mrs. A. COOKE, 35, Urban Road, Sale.
To Clear The Slums—Hide Father's Stud There!

J. HOUGH, 12, Mill Street, Adlington.
Cup Of Kindness—"Boiling" World Won't "Brew."

C. O. MARKHAM, High Street, Long Crendon, Aylesbury.
Away From Her—But Empire's "With Her."

Miss PARKER, 55, St. George's Road, Newquay.
Suspicion—Fear's Brother—Fears Brotherhood.

F. O. PASCOE, Chapel Street, Camborne.
Easy To Understand—Extraordinary Loyalty—Royalty Ordinary."

D. E. RUSS, Broadway, Rodbourne-Cheney.
In Poverty Street—"Polish" Fades—"Grit" Shines.

A. J. SEDWELL, Broughton, Preston.
To Clear The Slums—Lodge Complaint? Dislodge Complacent!

Mrs. R. SELF, "Byeways," Knowl Hill, Twyford.
When Sunday Comes—Joyous Peal—Tragic "Toll."

C. G. SELLERS, 2, Raywood Villas, Hull.
Cup Of Kindness—Common, Where Crockery Scarce.

12 OF £2 10s. and Typewriter:

J. COLLINS, 9, Florence Road, Maidstone.
Easy To Understand—Sambo's Headache—Mule's Lame!

F. J. DIXON, 30, Maxwell Street, Crewe.
Grim Test—Abroad—Here It's "Proclamation ——."

N. J. FISHLOCK, 86, Hartley Down, Purley.
Suspicion—Gnawing Her, Knowing Him.

F. W. FLETCHER, 4, Lyndhurst Road, Weston-super-Mare.
Freezing—Sentry—Crowd Admiring "Stiffness."

S. R. GALE, 6, Hamilton Road, Walthamstow.
Race Against Time—Auntie's—Merely *Temporary* Curate!

P. GEE, 73, Stansfield Road, Todmorden.
Cup Of Kindness—Need I Deny Needy?

W. GEORGES, 24, Winchester Road, Kenton.
In Poverty Street—*Recognised* "Genius," My Missus.

R. A. HAWKEY, Udimore Road, Rye.
Desperate Man—Were I A Worrier.

F. G. JENNINGS, Jnr., 12, Elsenham Street, Southfields, London, S.W.
Life's A Tragedy When—Nerves Continue "Great War."

A. K. PLATT, 56, Old Road, Manchester.
New Road—Car's "White Ribbon" Indicates.

W. SWAINSTON, 12, Montrose Street, Saltburn-by-Sea, Yorks.
In Poverty Street—Lots Left—Let's Lift!

P. TAYLOR, "Roseville," South Hill, Weymouth.
All Equal—That's Democracy's "Winning Goal."

A list of 50 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull." Each winner of £2 10s. up to £50 will also receive a Typewriter or Radio Set, as desired.

The original cheque for £500 awarded by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,014 will be displayed in the window of Mr. G. Speight, 128, Meanwood Road, Leeds.

£500 BONUS PAID—"BULLETS" No. 1,013.—The following 25 competitors have each received a £20 cheque in respect of the £500 Bonus offered in connection with "Bullets" Bulletin in the above contest:—J. L. Garland, Blackheath; N. J. Fishlock, Purley; R. Thompson, Loftus; R. C. Ware, Bromley; J. Waddell Greenock; A. L. Auden, Hendon; R. Hodgson, Bradford; A. Bell, Folkestone; S. S. Parfitt, Mountain Ash; A. Wardell, Beverley; E. Baker, Henfield; W. E. Hawes, Ipswich; L. Jones Brighton; Miss E. B. Palmer Exmouth; Mrs. A. Rogerson, Sherincss; E. D. Sewell, Workington; W. P. Taylor, Birmingham; E. W. Walker, Bradford; H. Warner, London, N.W.; F. Webb, Bromwich; H. Cockerill, New Seaham.

FREE ENTRY COUPON

FOR "BULLETS" No. 1,019, CLOSING SAT., FEB. 29 —VALID ONLY AS INSTRUCTED

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

IMPORTANT This Gift Coupon is valid only as above and must be enclosed with four or more entry-paid or prize coupons, all enclosed in one envelope and bearing same name and address. Signature constitutes agreement to Rules and Conditions announced on this page.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,019) Closing SAT., Feb. 29.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,019) Closing SAT., Feb. 29.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,019) Closing SAT., Feb. 29.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,019) Closing SAT., Feb. 29.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....
Address .....

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best effort received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every effort received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,019, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Daughter Gives Health TO AILING MOTHER

Gift of Yeast-Vite

Brand Tablets

Banishes FLATULENCE, HEAD PAINS NERVES and MORNING TIREDNESS

YEAST-VITE IS LIFE

More priceless than gold, richer than the rarest jewels, was the gift of this Devoted Daughter to her Ailing Mother!
It wasn't a big gift—it only cost a few pence. It was a bottle of Yeast-Vite Tonic Tablets—BUT IT BROUGHT THIS SUFFERING MOTHER HEALTH! —Health such as she had not known for years!

AND mark well the fact that she was relieved not of just one complaint, but of a COMPLICATION of troubles!! Yeast-Vite did not merely relieve the headaches, it banished her indigestion. As it banished the indigestion it also conquered the morning tiredness, strengthened her nerves.

Yeast-Vite changed her whole life. It banished EVERY ONE OF HER AILMENTS!

It changed the morning tiredness into joyous energy and vitality!

It changed the indigestion into hearty appetite and meal-time relish!

It changed the 'shattered' nerves into a tower of strength and peace!

It changed the terrible headaches into glorious relief!

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS -	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 Min.
HEADACHES -	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 Min.
LASSITUDE - -	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 Min.
DEPRESSION -	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 Min.
"NERVES" - -	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 Min.
INDIGESTION -	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 Min.
EXHAUSTION -	*Animation*	In 15/30 Min.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 Min.
RHEUMATISM -	*Pain Relief*	In 24 Hours
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 Hours
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 Hours

YOU NEED YEAST-VITE

Yeast-Vite rebuilt, restored, re-invigorated this grateful woman as it has done so many thousands of sick and suffering people! For Yeast-Vite is LIFE!—happy, joyous, pain-free, vigorous LIFE!

If YOUR life is darkened by pain, if YOUR days are made miserable by jangled nerves, tiredness and indigestion, if YOU are a sufferer from one of a number of troubles YOU, too, should instantly commence to benefit from the World's Wonder Tonic YEAST-VITE.

"Now like the Proverbial Lark"

BOLTON.

Dear Sirs,

To show my gratitude to you, I am adding my testimonial to the very many you must receive.

It is nine days ago since my daughter gave me a bottle of 'Yeast-Vite' Tablets, asking me to give them a trial for several ailments I complained of—nerves terrible, flatulence awful, head pains terrible—and every morning after rising I was from one to two hours tired and useless before starting my household duties.

Well, I gave 'Yeast-Vite' Tablets a fair trial. I cannot express the good they have done me. I can get up at six o'clock in the morning like the proverbial "lark." I never seem tired and as for my nerves—well, this morning I mounted a ladder and cleaned my fanlight, a thing I've not done for years. (I had to let someone else do that,)

I will be only too willing to prove my statement, as also will my husband, father, daughter and son-in-law. I am sure that there are hundreds of women with the usual ailments at the age of 48 (which is my age) who would be more than thankful to know the value of 'Yeast-Vite.'

Please do not trouble to thank me for this letter, all the gratefulness is on my side.

With all my wishes for your great success.

I am,
Yours sincerely,
(Signed) (Mrs.) E. C.

P.S. I might tell you I mentioned 'Yeast-Vite' to a woman and she said she had only them to thank for her son's life.

I mounted a ladder and CLEANED MY FANLIGHT—a thing I hadn't done for years.

NO CURE—NO PAY

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHT-FORWARD and Fair Dealing Offer ever made to the British Public. For your Health's sake accept it TO-DAY.

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE," return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question.

Yeast-Vite is Life

Yeast-Vite Brand

Quick Tonic Tablets. Sold Everywhere. Price 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/.

T. C. B.

195 B 6

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A1